

SPORTS REVIEW

Apartment Wrestling's Biggest Gamble:

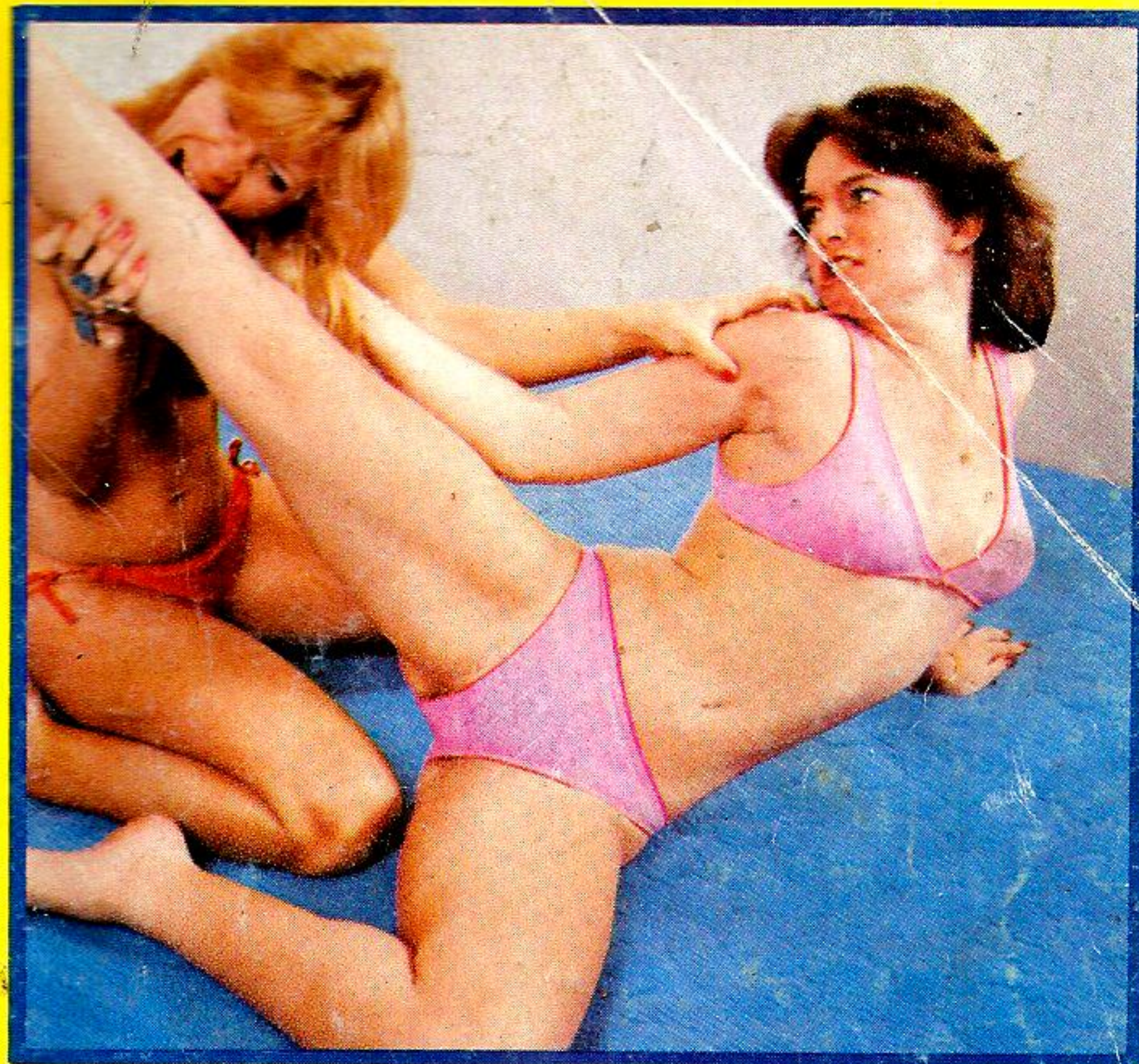
October 1978

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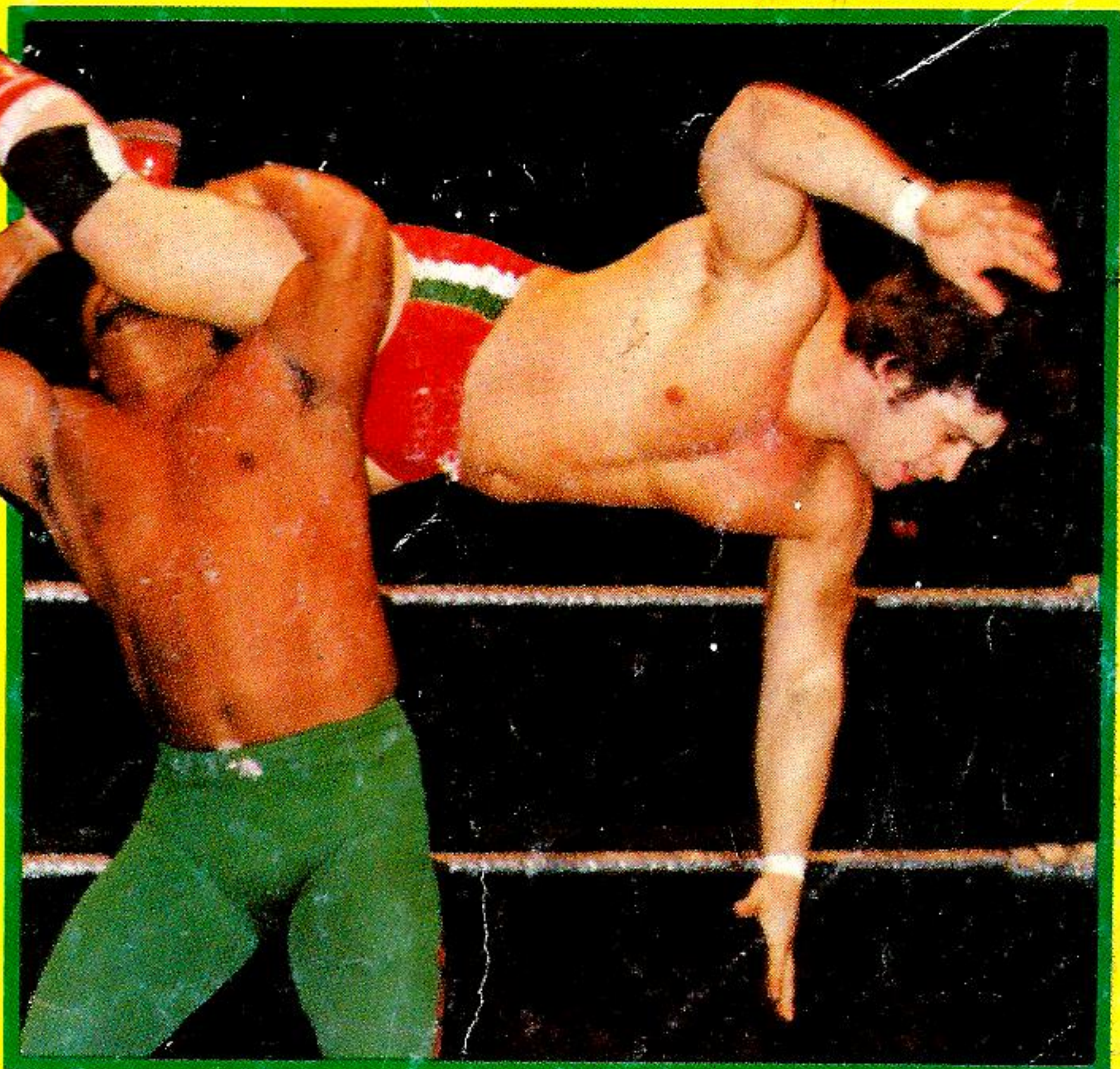
Wrestling

**THE SIX
MILLION
DOLLAR
BEAUTY WHO
DARE NOT
LOSE!**

Bob Backlund vs. Ken Patera:
**HOW ONE FATAL FLAW DECIDED
THIS MATCH**



**DINO BRAVO:
TRAPPED BY A TITLE
THAT CAN
DO HIM NO GOOD**



**"BOBBY DUNCUM WILL BE A CRIPPLE
BY THE END OF THIS YEAR!"**

THE TITLE DICK MURDOCH WILL DEFEND TO THE DEATH

SPORTS REVIEW

Wrestling

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Apartment wrestling's biggest gamble

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OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

Champion: BOB BACKLUND

- 1—GEORGE STEELE
- 2—IVAN KOLOFF
- 3—SPIROS ARION
- 4—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM
- 5—DUSTY RHODES
- 6—IVAN PUTSKI
- 7—KEN PATERA
- 8—DINO BRAVO
- 9—LUKE GRAHAM
- 10—TONY GAREA

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

Champion: NICK BOCKWINKLE

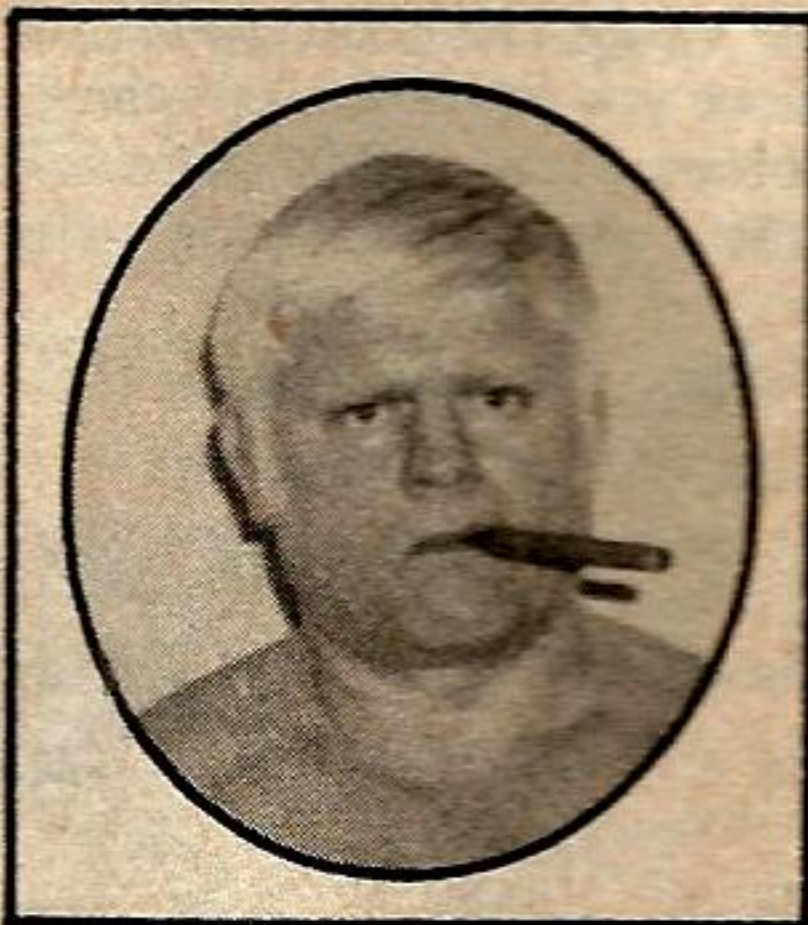
- 1—CRUSHER
- 2—VERNE GAGNE
- 3—RUFUS R. JONES
- 4—BILLY ROBINSON
- 5—RAY STEVENS
- 6—PAT PATTERSON
- 7—BLACKJACK LANZA
- 8—JIM BRUNZELL
- 9—BOB ORTON JR.
- 10—GREG GAGNE

MOST POPULAR

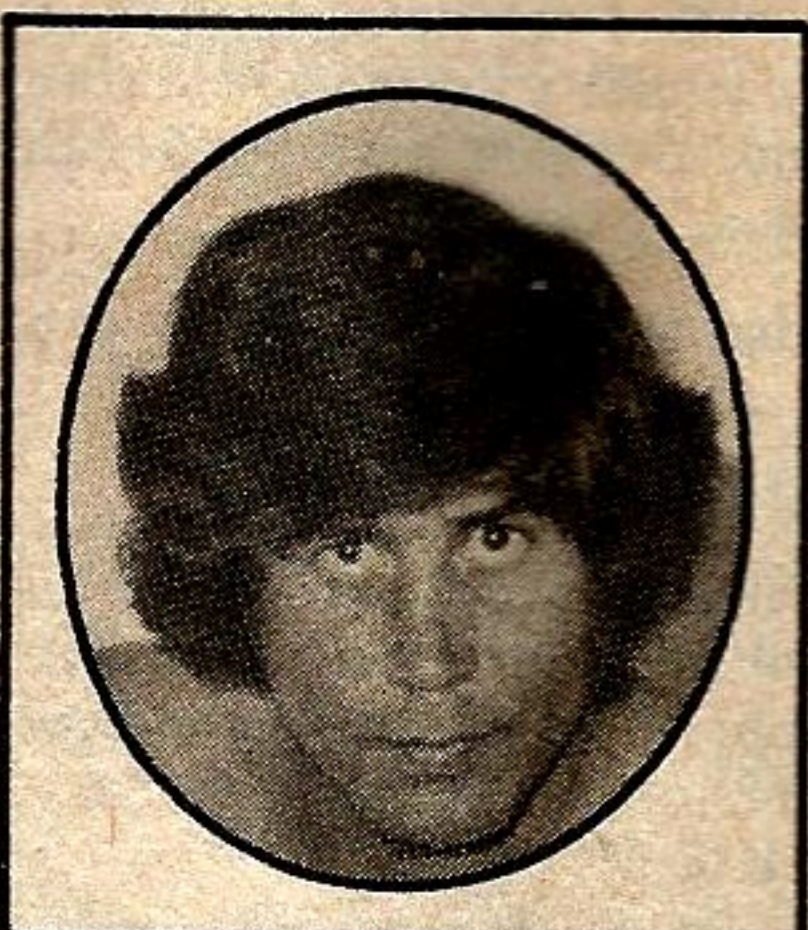
- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 3—MIL MASCARAS
- 4—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 5—IVAN PUTSKI
- 6—WAHOO McDANIEL
- 7—MR. WRESTLING II
- 8—PAUL JONES
- 9—BILLY ROBINSON
- 10—BOB BACKLUND



GEORGE STEELE



CRUSHER



JACK BRISCO



ANDRE THE GIANT

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Champion: HARLEY RACE

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—JACK BRISCO
- 3—DICK MURDOCH
- 4—RIC FLAIR
- 5—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 6—THE SPOILER
- 7—DICK SLATER
- 8—JERRY BRISCO
- 9—STAN HANSEN
- 10—PAUL JONES

TAG TEAMS

- 1—DINO BRAVO & DOMINIC DeNUCCI
- 2—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
- 3—THE LUMBERJACKS
- 4—GREG VALENTINE & BARON VON RASCHKE
- 5—MR. SATO & MR. SAITO
- 6—STEVE KEIRN & MIKE GRAHAM
- 7—JACK & JERRY BRISCO
- 8—THE VALIANT BROTHERS
- 9—SUPERSTAR & LUKE GRAHAM
- 10—KILLER BROOKS & LEROY BROWN

MOST HATED

- 1—KEN PATERA
- 2—THE SPOILER
- 3—RIC FLAIR
- 4—GREG VALENTINE
- 5—GEORGE "THE ANIMAL" STEELE
- 6—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER
- 7—LUKE GRAHAM
- 8—SPIROS ARION
- 9—IVAN KOLOFF
- 10—THE SHEIK

THE TATTLER

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ERNIE LADD

ATLANTA, GA.—Never before in wrestling history has anything like this occurred. The people of Atlanta, sickened by the cruel rulebreaking of hated Ernie Ladd, decided to try and stop it themselves. What they did was start a letter writing campaign to the one man they felt would halt Ladd's reign of terror—Dusty Rhodes. Letter after letter, postcard after postcard, plea after plea poured into Dusty's home and heart. And now Dusty has made his decision. On a local news program, Rhodes told Atlanta he will come here and accept a match against Ernie Ladd.

(Continued on page 10)

Never before in this history of wrestling journalism have so many respected reporters been involved in so important a venture. The best wrestling correspondents from all over the world have been enlisted to report on the news behind the news. Every wrestling fan must consider this the most important column he can read!

THE TATTLER

(Continued from Page 8)

"I am the American Dream," Dusty told the television audience. "I must go where I am needed. Atlanta! I will free you from the curse of Ernie Ladd!"

People from all over the South are looking towards this match with great anticipation. Dusty Rhodes is coming. But that's solved only half the problem. The other half is for him to defeat Ernie Ladd.

—B.W. Foreman

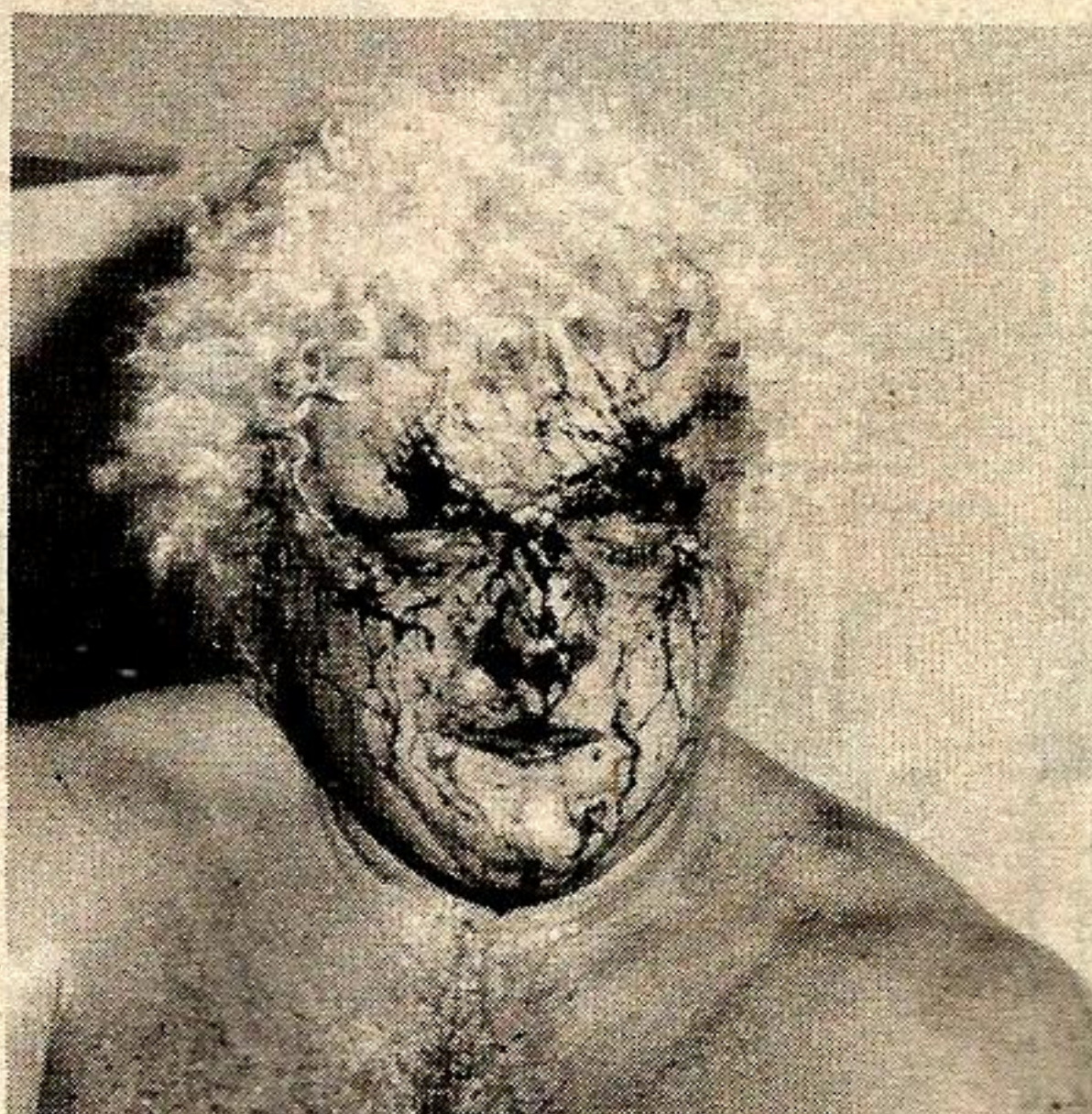


GARY HART

HOUSTON, TEXAS—My report is somewhat similar to the one of my Atlanta colleague, B.W. Foreman. Here in Houston, as in Atlanta, we are currently besieged by the cruelest rulebreakers ever seen. What makes our situation even worse, though, is our rulebreakers are guided by one evil genius named Gary Hart.

That's the bad news. Now the good news. According to the rumor grapevine, Dusty Rhodes

will come here just as soon as his mission is successful in Atlanta. The news has this city on the edge of its seats. We can't wait for the return of an American



DUSTY RHODES

legend, Dusty Rhodes. Everyone is thrilled.

Well, nearly everyone. "Listen," Playboy Gary Hart told me over the phone, "you can tell your cruddy magazine this: if Dusty Rhodes comes to Houston, he will leave a cripple. And I've got the stable to back up my threats!"

Threats or no, Dusty Rhodes is coming.

—James Washington

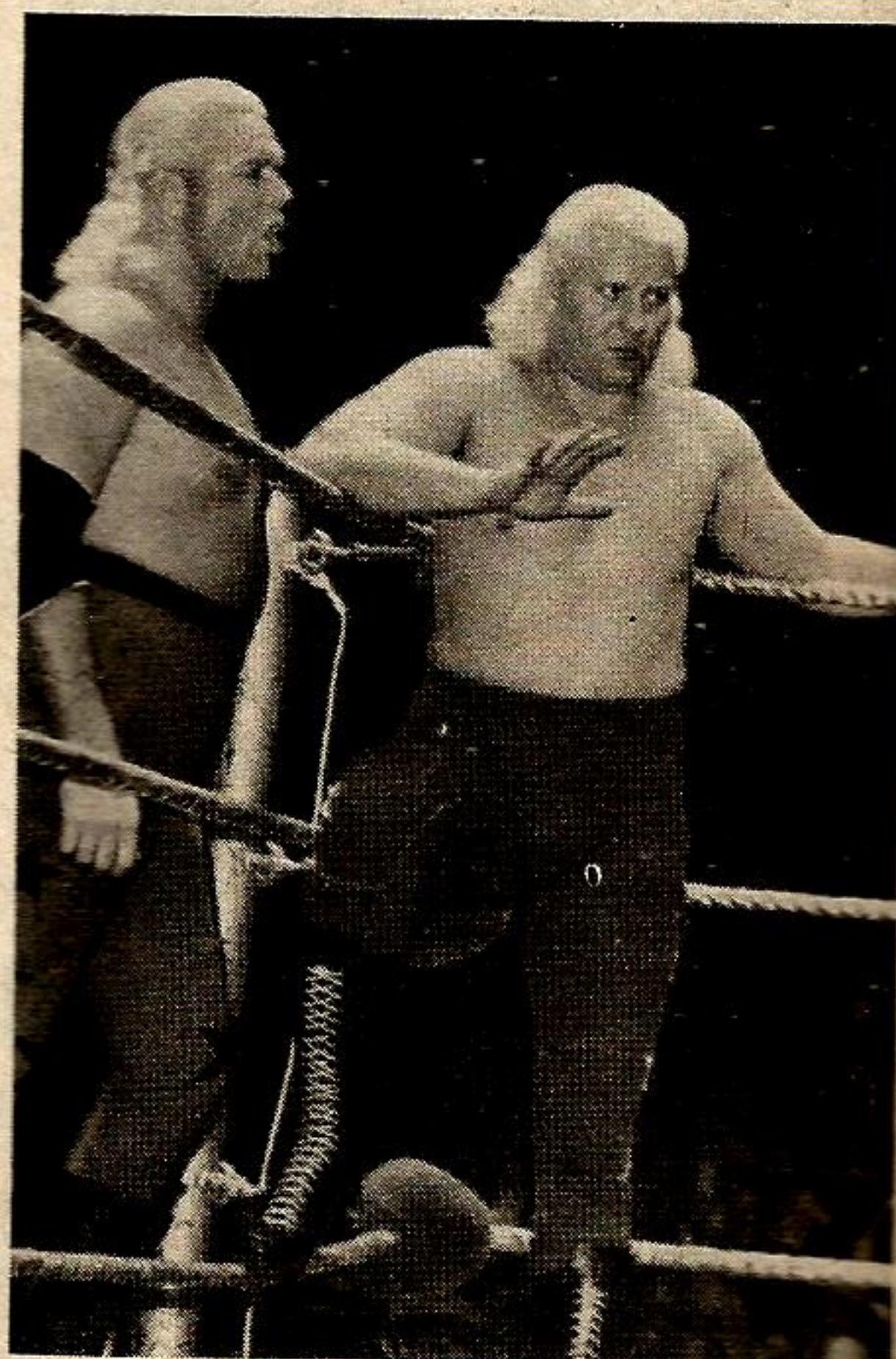
TOKYO, JAPAN—The island nation of Japan was treated to a visit by the WWF heavyweight champion, Bob Backlund. He was here for a little more than a week, and in that time he was matched against our best wrestlers.

In his bout against our champion, Antonio Inoki, Backlund showed great scientific skill. He matched Inoki hold for hold, maneuver for maneuver. They wrestled to a one-hour time limit draw. I believe if the time limit was for all eternity they still would have wrestled to a draw.

—Masanori Murikami

MIAAMI, FLA.—It was the return of a recurring nightmare. John and Jim Valiant, the former U.S. tag team champions, have come back to Florida with one thing on their ruthless minds—revenge.

"Right, daddy," John told this reporter, "my brother Jimbo and I have decided to end the lives of two sunburned wormslimes named Keirn and Graham. Those grinning ninnies stole our belts, baby. Now brother James and myself are gonna teach those two



THE VALIANT BROTHERS

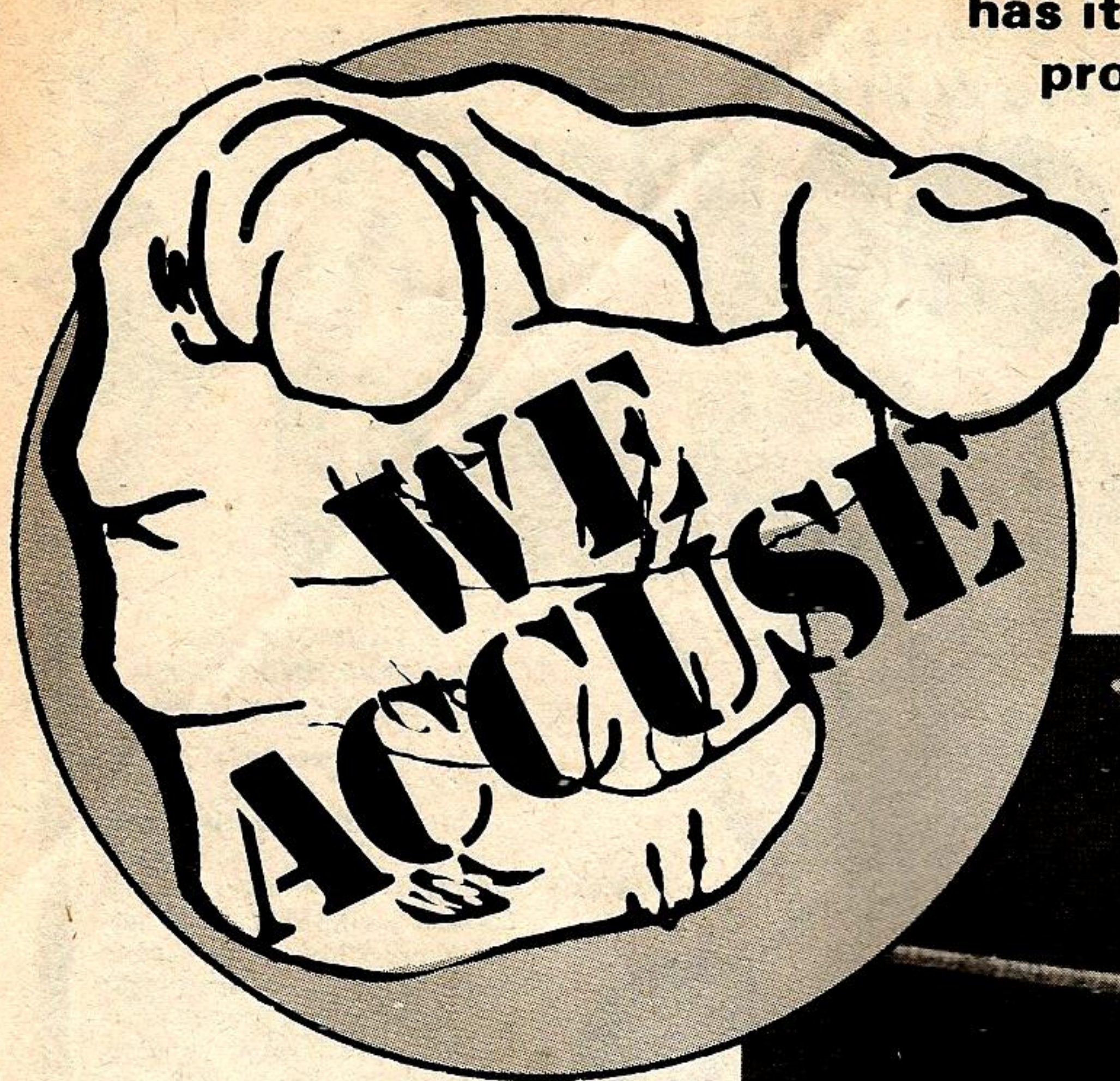
escapees from choir practice a painful lesson."

When I pointed out to John that Keirn and Graham no longer have the belts (they lost them to Sato and Saito), he just raised his hand and shrugged.

"Makes no nevermind, Pops," he sneered. "We don't care that they lost their belts. We're after something they haven't lost yet—their lives!"

—Myron Roth

(Continued on page 46)



The sport of wrestling, like any other sport, has its share of problems. Some of these problems are so outrageous they need to be pointed out and corrected as quickly as possible. When "We Accuse" points the finger at a target, fireworks are sure to follow!

BY THE EDITORS

IT IS VERY doubtful that this problem can go on being ignored. It is surely way overdue and the time to act must be now!

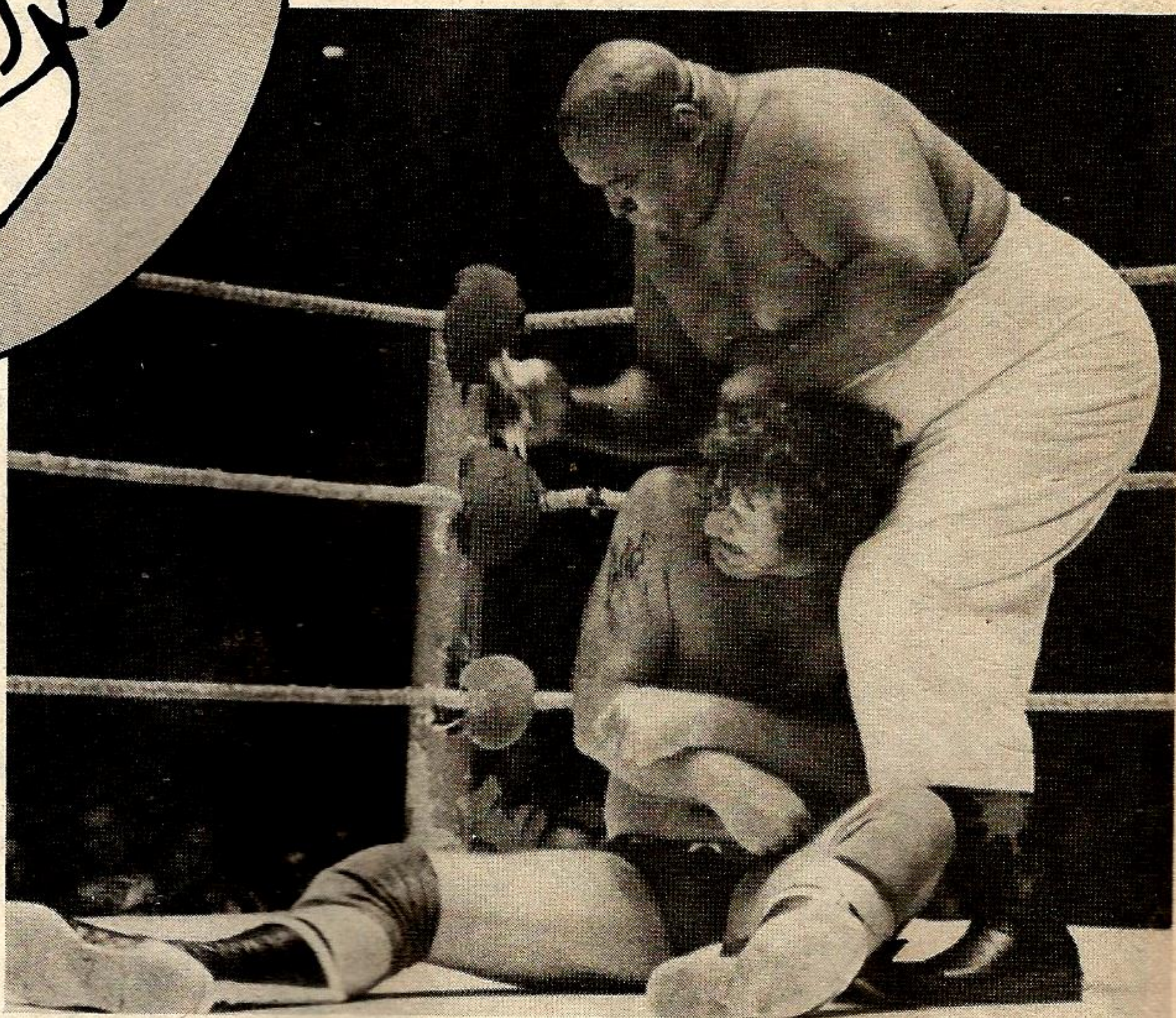
When we see a wrestler leap off the top rope onto his helpless opponent, we rarely see anything done about it. In most cases the referee is looking the other way.

When the referee does see this sort of thing, he might start to count the wrestler out or he might even disqualify him.

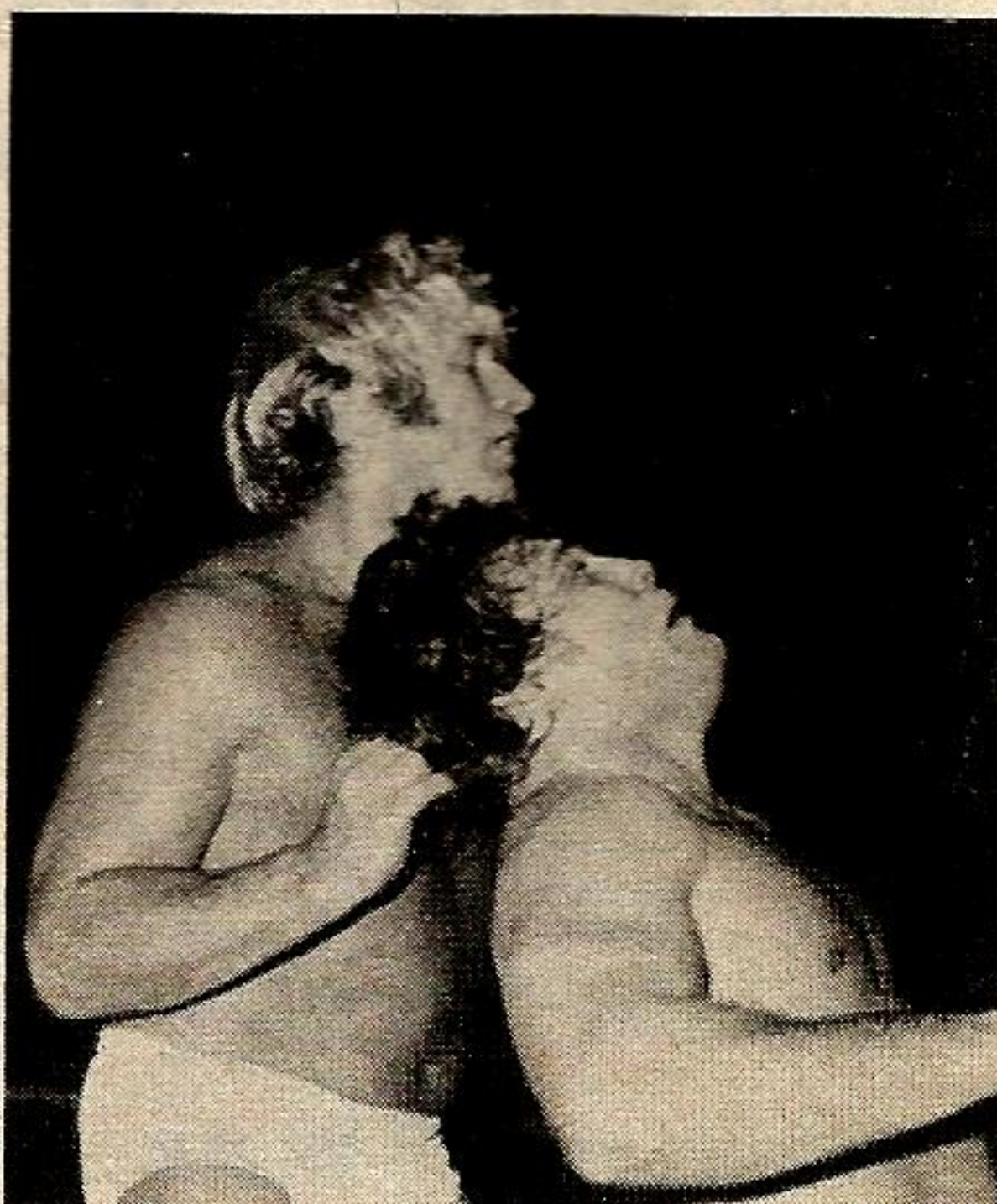
Big deal!

What is to say that the wrestler won't come back and do the same thing over and over again. If the referees won't do anything drastic about this situation, don't you agree that the wrestling commissions should step in and see that something is done?

Up until now nothing much has been done to stop these rulebreakers. How many times do we see wrestlers with foreign objects simply destroy their opponents? How many times do those wrestlers get away with their nasty little tricks over and over again? The answer, sad as it may be, is almost always.



Above: We can see that the rules are clearly being broken, but where is the referee? Is he blind? Below: A handful of hair is not a legal move, believe it or not. Can these tricks be stopped?



The wrestling commissions must take some action. It is high time that they enforce some kind of fines for this common problem.

If a wrestler is disqualified and fined at the same time, that would have some kind of impact. Sooner or later he would be forced to stop this act of crime inside the ring.

Once the commissions agree that fines should be used to stop these villains, certain amounts should be enforced for each individual tactic.

(Continued on page 54)



POINT: TERRY FUNK

I **SPEAK WITH** authority on this subject. I know what it's like to lose a championship on a submission, and I think it stinks.

It is as simple as this: If you're champion, the only way you should lose your belt is on a pin. And that is what makes a champ. You can't call yourself a federation champion if you've won any other way.

Sure, I know a lot of guys purposely get themselves disqualified when it seems they're going to lose. I don't believe in that. I think something should be done, but I don't know what. Those guys don't act like champs

POINT • COUNTERPOINT • POINT •

COUNTERPOINT: IVAN PUTSKI

I **CAN ALSO** speak with authority. I have won many matches by making my opponent submit. The only difference was that it wasn't a title bout.

I really don't see the need for discussing the matter. If I go in and use my bearhug and my opponent submits, then I should be declared the winner. If it happens that the title is on the line, then I should be awarded the belt. It is as simple as that.

I happen to agree with Funk on one thing that he said. A lot of guys do get themselves disqualified when they feel that they are going to lose. I don't believe in that either.

If I pin a guy and win the match then I don't see why I shouldn't win the match if I make him submit. Both moves would clearly show who the better man is.

Especially in a title match. If I can make the champion submit because of my great strength, then there is no way that anyone can say that I don't deserve to win the belt. The only difference is that I didn't pin the guy. Big deal!

By making a guy submit, that is just like him saying that he wants to give up, that he can't go on any longer, so give the other guy the title.

Doesn't this all make better sense than what

anyway, so they're not relevant to this discussion.

When you start giving guys the belt and letting something as important as a federation title change hands on such a chintzy move, you bring down the whole level of the sport.

A pin requires that rare combination of strength, speed and intelligence. Very few people can get away with a pin. But a lot of rotten rulebreakers can find some way to make you submit. What have they proved? That they can break the rules and get away with it?

Absolutely. They don't deserve to be champion. What you do is open the door to rulebreakers taking over the sport. By letting the belt change hands on a submission, you

change the whole complexion of wrestling. Now anyone with a vicious enough maneuver has a chance for the title. What ever happened to requiring a champion to be good? Has wrestling permanently been taken over by the Harley Races and Nick Bockwinkles?

A lot of people talk about running the rulebreakers out of wrestling. Well, nothing will ever be done until you tighten up the rules. That is the most important step.

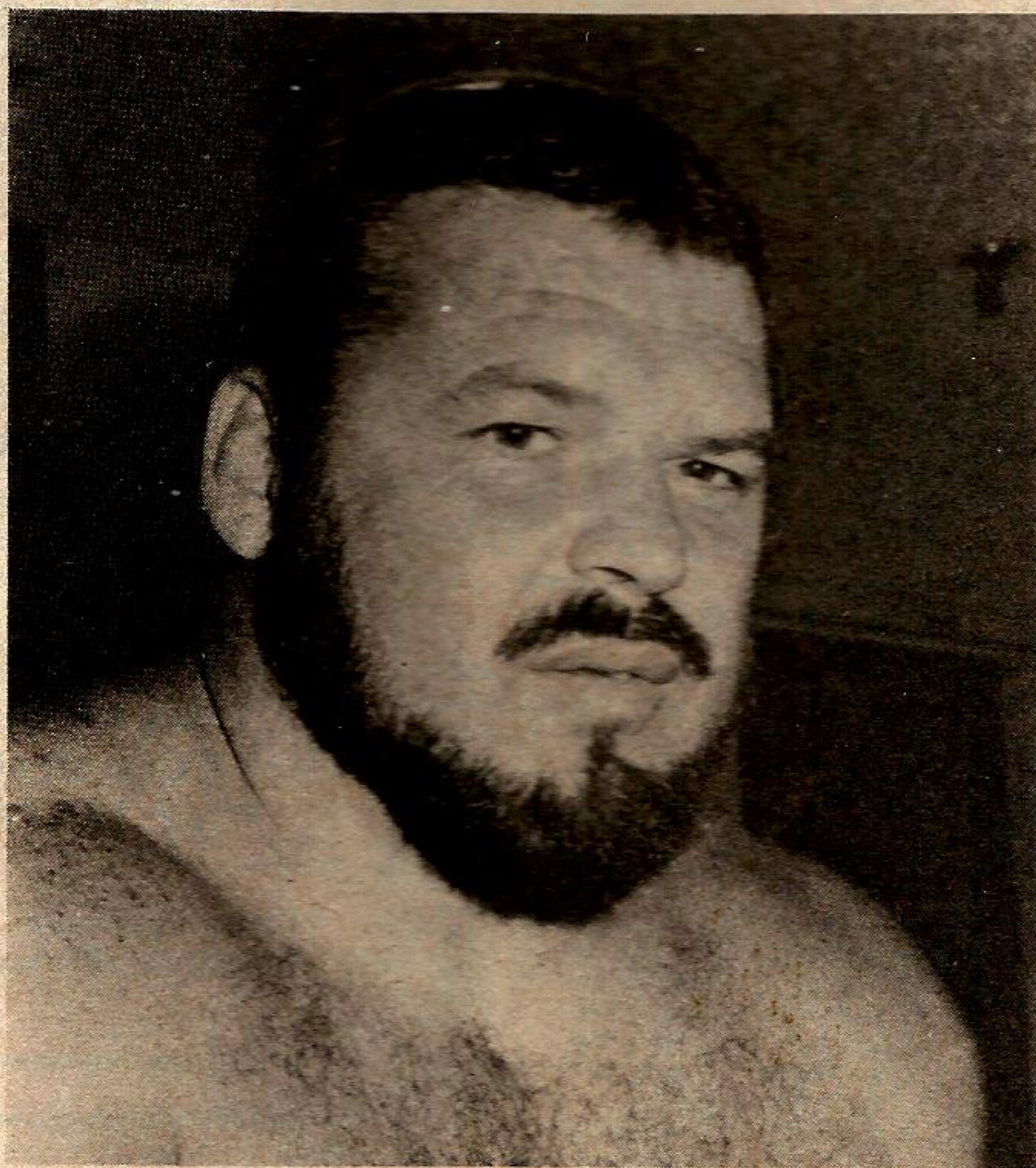
I know a lot of fans are getting tired of these carbon paper champions. Either you're a champ or you're not. And no one who wins a title on a submission can call himself a champ. □

COUNTERPOINT • POINT • COUNTERPOINT

Terry Funk had to say? I think too many of today's champions are afraid to let the fans see that they can be defeated by a submission hold. This is a lot of crap. If you can't go on, then admit it. Be man enough to let your fans know that you have lost.

A pin is a pin. Let's face it, we have seen that one move time and time again. But if some guy walks into the ring and makes the champ submit, doesn't that show you that he is more of a champion. Doesn't that show that he has more intelligence, speed, and strength than his opponent?

Stop with these dumb rules already. If a guy wins, he wins. If every match depended on only the pin, wrestling would be a very boring sport. □



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A FANTASTIC ARTICLE

I deeply appreciated the article "Savage Girls in Violent Combat" (August 1978). This was an extraordinary match between two beautiful and gorgeous girls, Beth and Trudy. They were both tremendous competitors with equal skills and definitely equal amounts of beauty.

Even though Beth's past was sad, I'm pretty sure the future of this goddess will be better. It was simply a fantastic article.

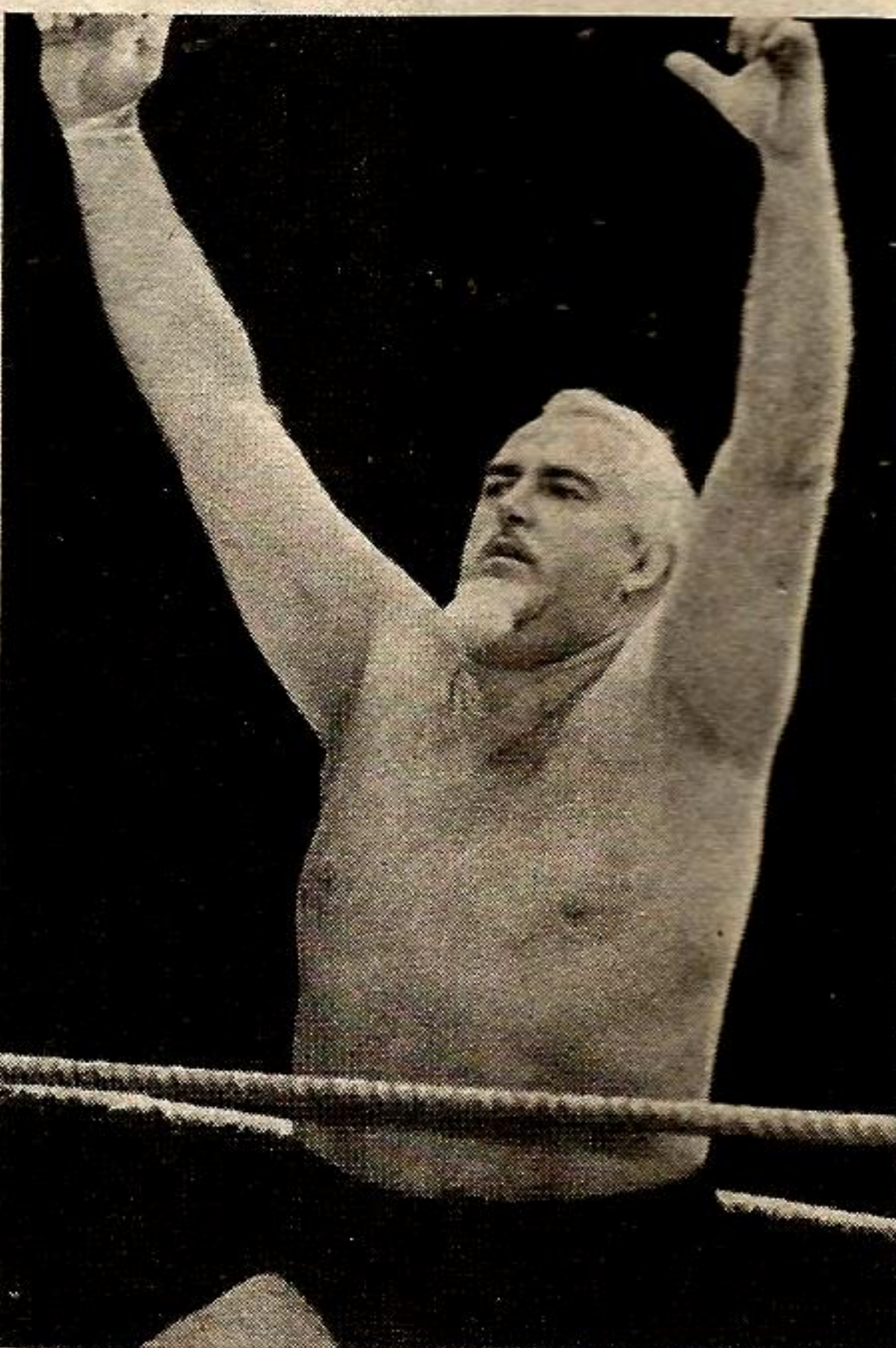
JIM DOBERTS
Shelbina, Mo.

MORE THAN WINNING

When Andre the Giant said, "I Understand You, Luke Graham" (Sept. 1978), he showed what an enormously intelligent and decent man he is.

There's more to life than just winning. People have to show decency and com-

passion to their fellows, even their opponents. Andre understood how deeply disturbed Luke is and refused to take advantage of him. Isn't this more important than beating someone senseless?



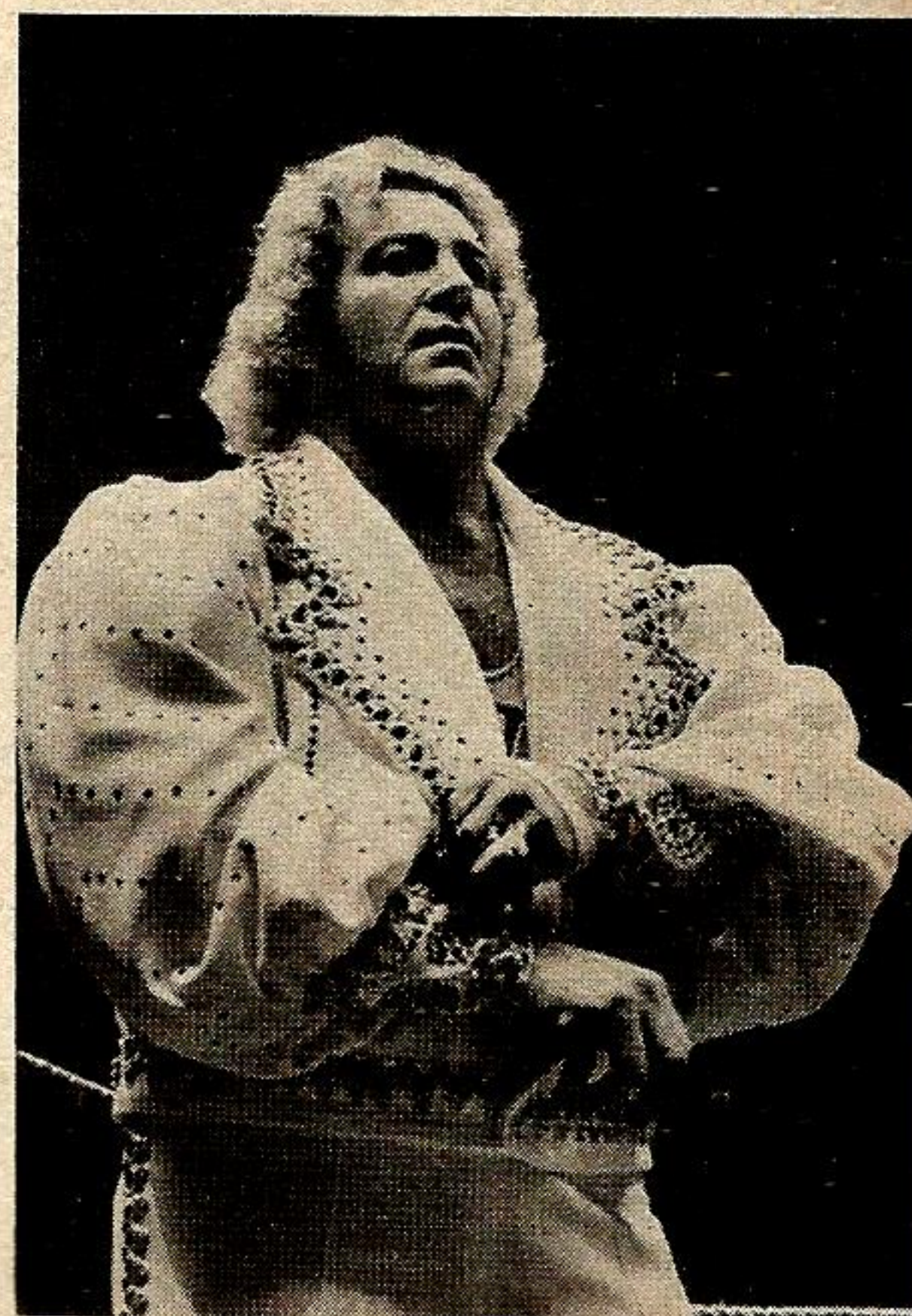
Reader Kevin Pancry congratulates Andre the Giant for being so understanding of Luke Graham (above).

Maybe now that Andre has shown this, something can be done to help Crazy Luke and get his head straightened out. I sure hope so. I just hope everyone remembers what Andre did.

KEVIN PANCRY
Orlando, Fla.

WHY BOTHER ANYMORE?

Of course, it's "A Lesson Ken Patera Can Never Learn" (Sept. 1978). The man is

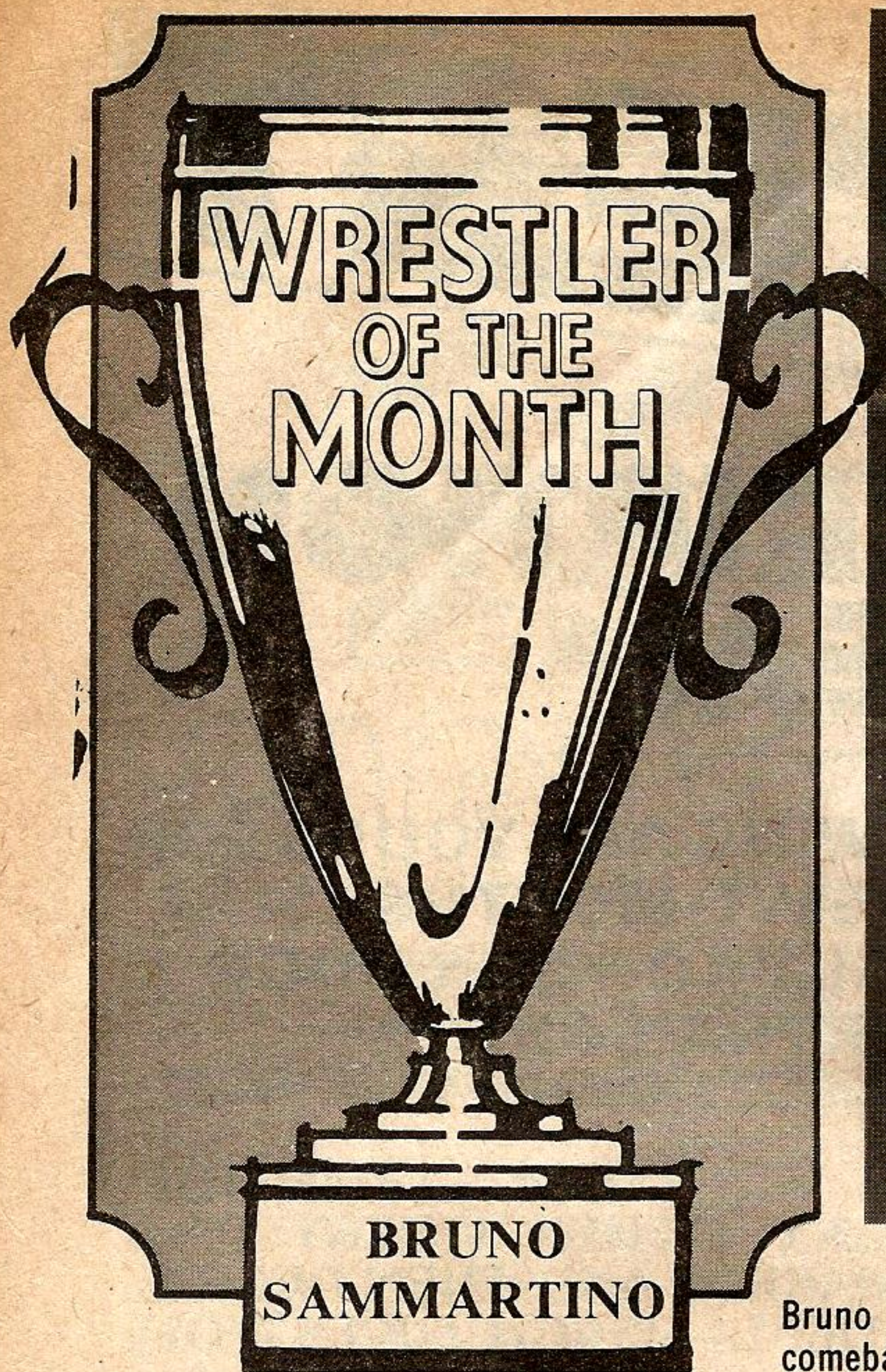


Ken Patera continues to be among the most hated wrestlers in the sport, a title he richly deserves.

incurable. Why do people bother trying to teach him a lesson anymore?

I have hit upon the perfect solution to the problem of Ken Patera. Boycott him. Make sure no one wrestles him. Stop having wrestlers waiting to kill him. Ignore the man. Once he can't get any more matches and can't make any more money and is forced to sell pencils on a streetcorner, maybe then he'll understand how evil he is and change. But as long as

(Continued on page 48)



Bruno Sammartino fires a hard right to Spiros Arion's mid-section in Bruno's comeback match to the WWWF. Although the bout ended in a double disqualification, Bruno did more than enough to show fans he's still the greatest.

MANY FANS MIGHT disagree with the title we have bestowed upon this great man. They might become indignant, thinking that "Wrestler of the Month" is insufficient praise for a man who is one of the all-time greats of wrestling.

We apologize. We do not have a "Wrestler of the Generation" award, or this man might very well receive it. We think it sufficient, at this time, to give him the coveted award. His reaction was predictably appreciative.

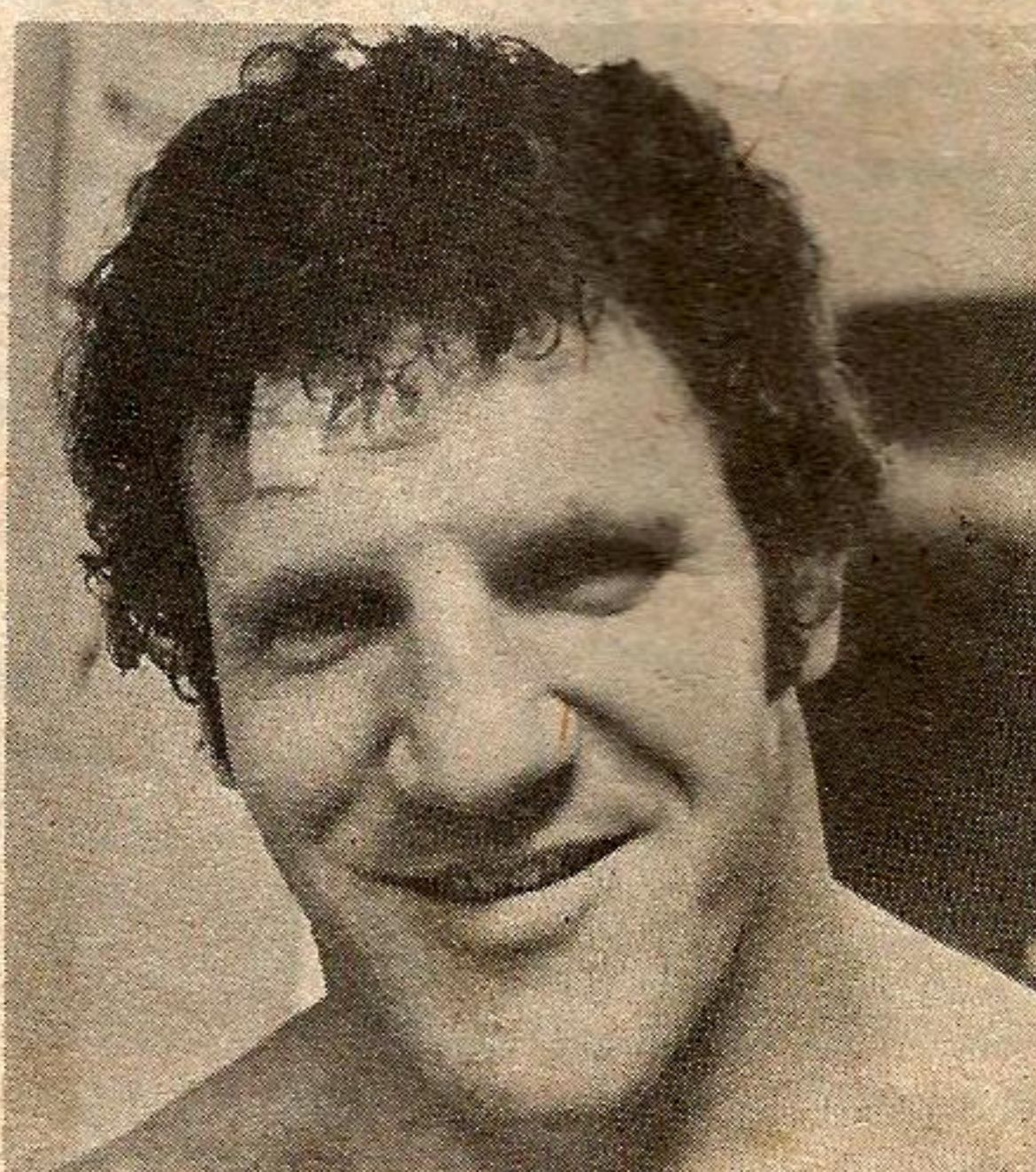
"I am quite honored to receive this award. I am glad your magazine chose me over all the other deserving wrestlers. It is very important for me to receive this award. Thank you very much."

The words of the Living

Legend, former WWWF champion, perhaps the most important wrestling figure in the past 20 years.

Bruno Sammartino.

Sammartino has not been voted this award for his outstanding lifetime achievements. Perhaps someday an



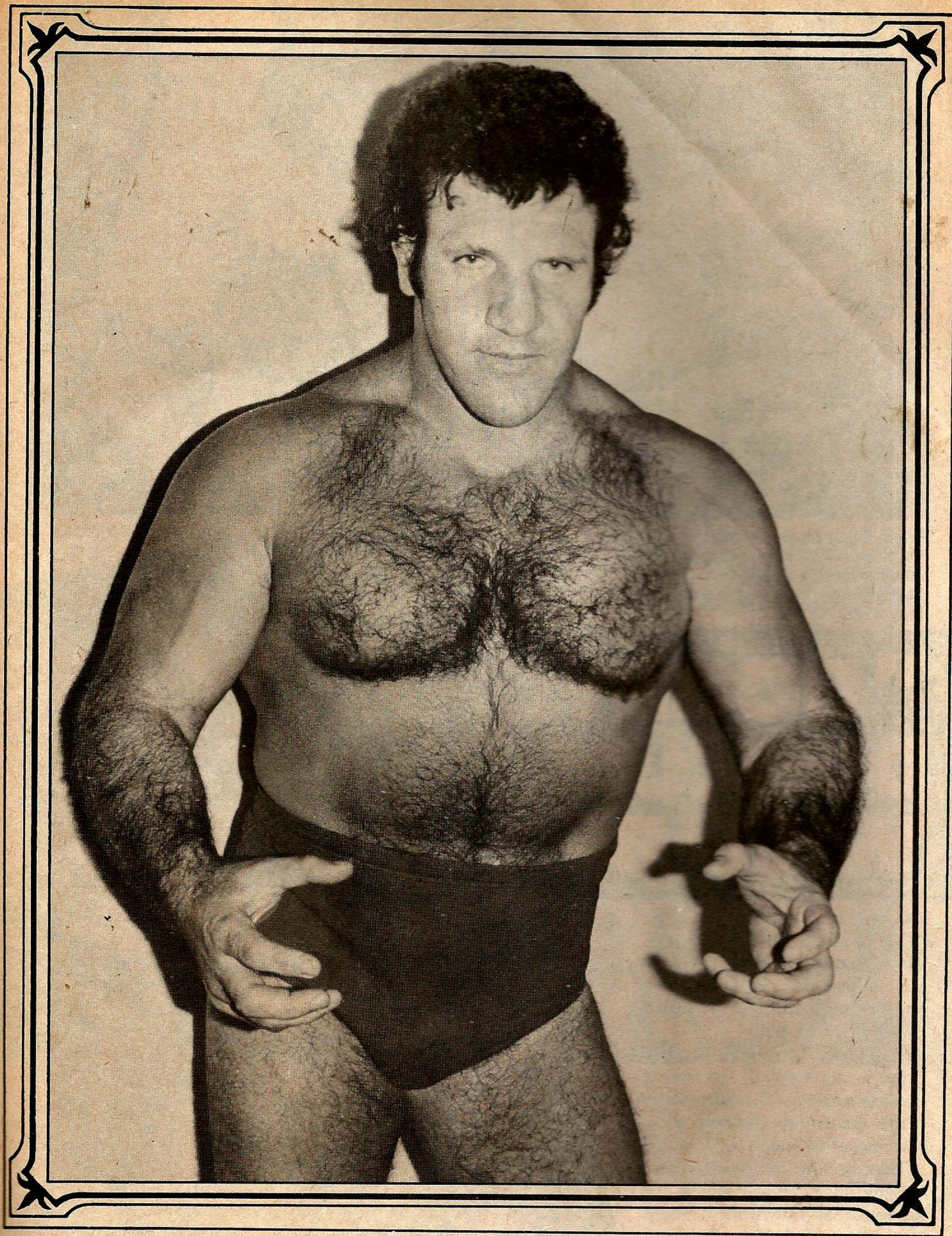
award will be created befitting his enormous stature.

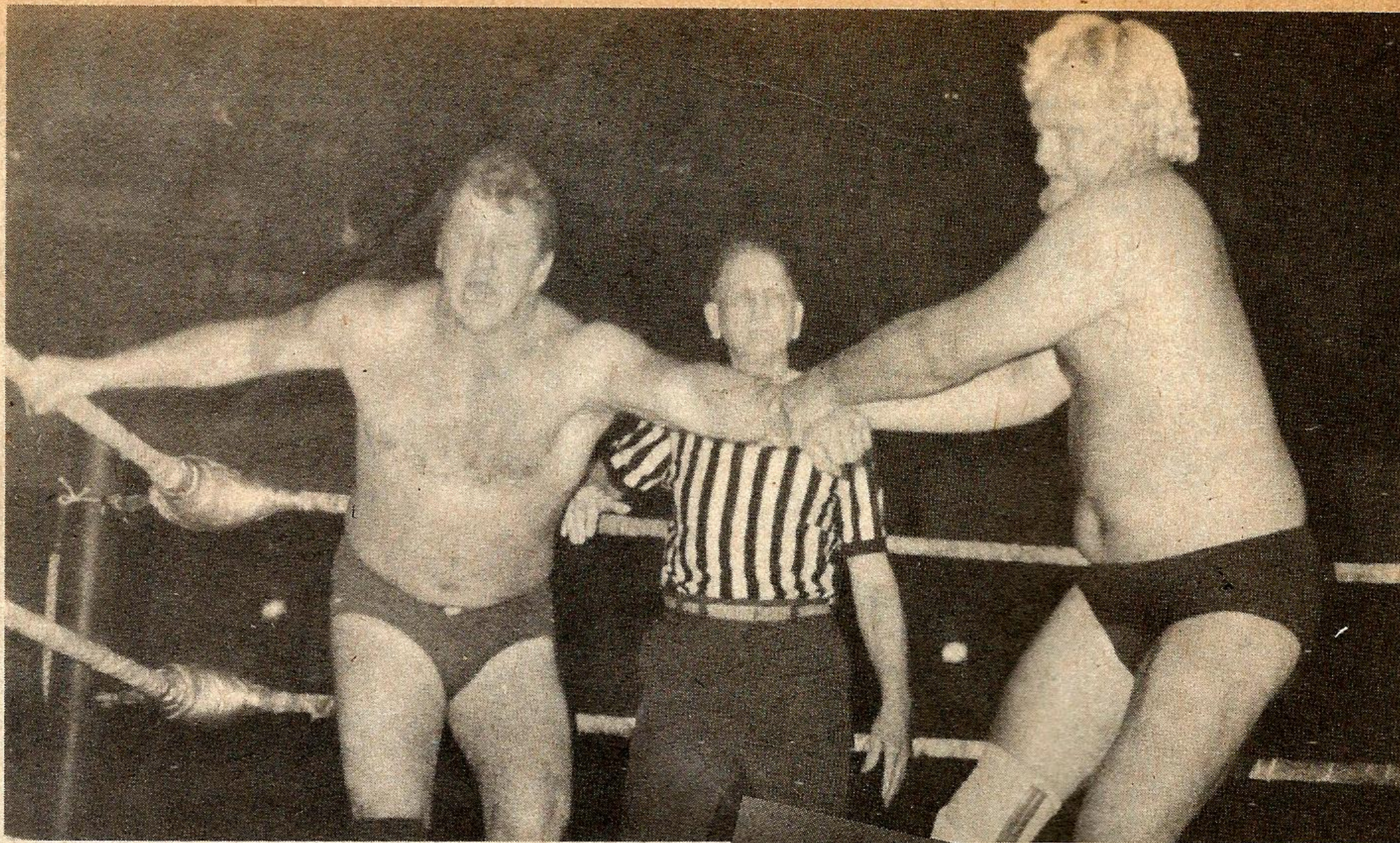
What Bruno has recently done to deserve this trophy is his comeback match in Asbury Park, New Jersey. It was not only his comeback story, but a measure of the man's generosity that he unhesitatingly accepted the charity match for his young fans and the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation.

"I would wrestle anywhere, anytime, for my kids. They deserve some kind of award. I only want to help."

The crowd's reaction to Bruno was thunderously adoring. The steady bombarding chant, "Bruno, Bruno, Bruno," echoed with unmitigated love throughout the stadium.

"That makes everything
(Continued on page 50)





Below: Bobby Duncum appears to be in trouble from Terry's devastating hold. He is in more trouble than he thinks. Above: Duncum turns things around and sends Terry across the ring.

"BOBBY DUNCUM WILL BE

THE TALE OF broken legs, crippled arms and aborted careers has become a common one in wrestling. A fiendish rulebreaker brazenly attacks a scientific wrestler. The fan favorite is put in the hospital. His friends swear vengeance. The rulebreaker scoffs. Five months later, all is amazingly forgotten.

That is why this most recent crusade might be lost amidst the catalog of lost holy wars. It would be easy to transfer it to the pile of other unsuccessful attempts, if not



for the family that has vowed vengeance.

The Funks. Dory Jr. and Terry.

"Bobby Duncum will be a cripple by the end of the year," is all the brothers will say about their crusade.

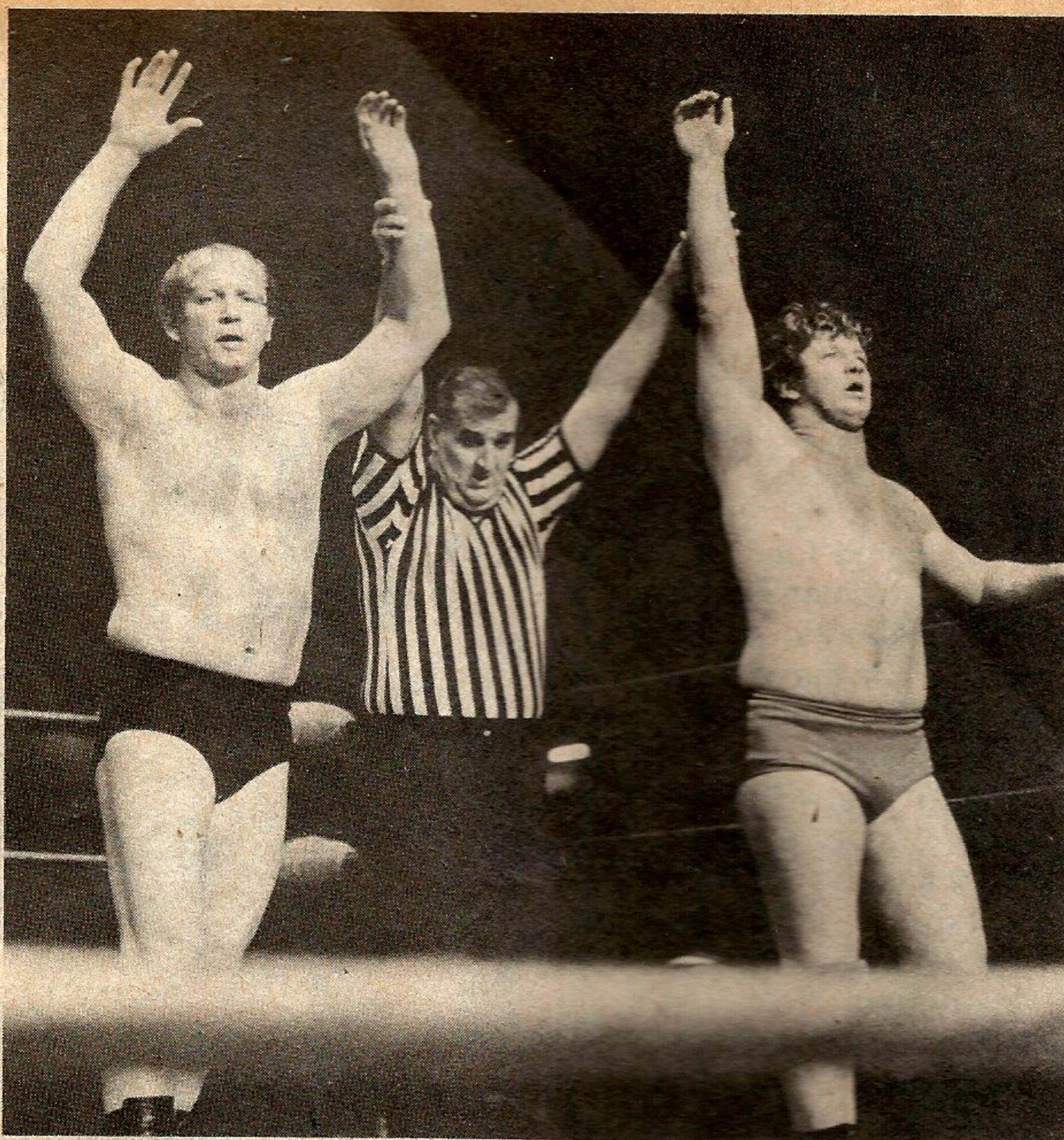
Like others before them, the Funks have been victimized by the cruelty of Duncum. Like others before them, they have had enough. But no one has ever dedicated himself to the task with such savage determination. Perhaps because no one family has ever been deceived the way the Funks have been.

"We've had it up to here," Dory put his hand against his forehead. "Enough of this. Who the hell does Bobby Duncum think he is that he can get away with this.

"No one does the things he did to my brother and to me and get away with it. We're going to put him out of action permanently. Damn it, you can bet on that."

Duncum's crime is not the usual felony. It is not that he has savaged the Funks in the ring. It is far more heinous than that.

As most fans know, the Funks



Once again the dedicated team of Dory and Terry Funk gets its hands raised in victory. Will they be victorious in their plan to get even with Bobby Duncum?

When someone doublecrosses the Funk family—watch out! Bobby Duncum did just that and now both Terry and Dory Jr. have vowed to make Bobby pay by rendering him a helpless cripple

PHOTOS BY ROGER DEEM

A CRIPPLE BY THE END OF THIS YEAR!"

are the great teachers of wrestling. They are skilled practitioners of the devastating spinning toe-hold. Still, they are not at all selfish. They are more than happy to teach this maneuver to anyone willing to abide by the one stipulation the Funks have.

"We ask our students to sign a contract, a contract with just one clause," Terry said. "This clause says that no student is to ever teach this move to another wrestler.

"We request this for two very important reasons. One, we don't want our teachings to be altered

and misshapen in the translation. In other words, we feel that since our dad [Dory Sr.] developed the move, we are the only ones who really know how to use it.

"And secondly, and probably more importantly, we're very
(Continued on page 52)

Several years ago Ivan Koloff lost the WWWF championship to Pedro Morales. Now Koloff claims he has absolutely no interest in avenging the upset. He doesn't consider Pedro qualified competition!

Why Ivan Koloff

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, this match might have meant something to Ivan Koloff. Several years ago he would have hungered for the chance to destroy the man who took his WWWF title away.

But that is in the past. Now the confrontation between Pedro Morales and Koloff is meaningless. To Koloff, anyway. But not to Pedro. And not to the fans.

"Beating Pedro Morales means nothing to me now," Ivan Koloff roared. "I took him on just so the old wash-up could have a payday.

"Hell, when he stole my title from me, it wasn't even a real pin. But, of course, no one would listen to me. Those stinking capitalist creeps!

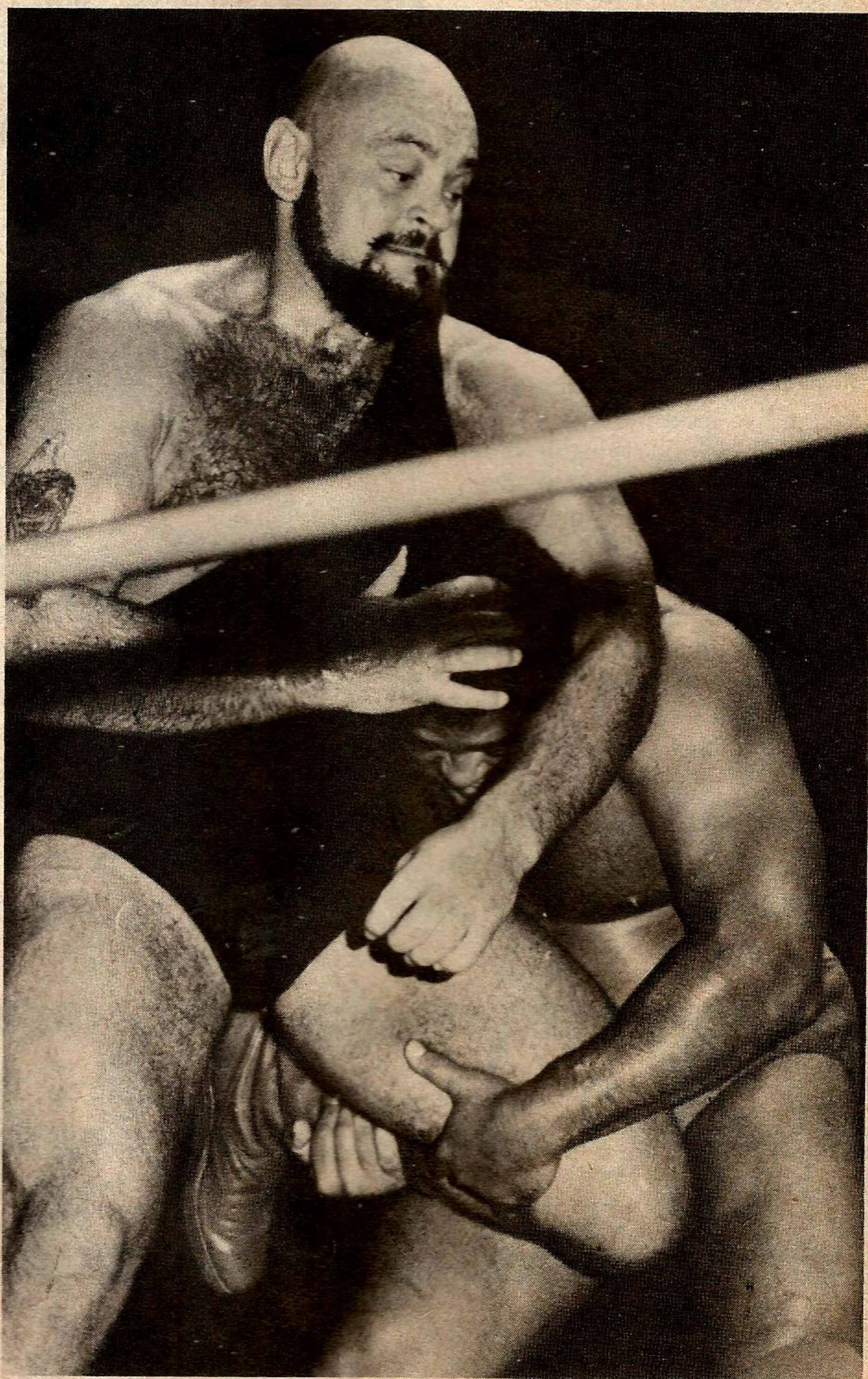
"Since Morales is past his prime, not that he ever had one, wrestling him means nothing at all."

Morales scoffs at Koloff's insinuations.

"He begged me for a match," Pedro said quietly. "The man was desperate to wrestle me again. What is he talking about?

"A man like Ivan Koloff can never forget the way I won the title from him. It must burn in him every night when he tries to sleep. He will not forget, he knows it, I know it, the fans know it."

For Ivan Koloff to make the statement that this match was unimportant was rendered ludicrous by his behavior in the ring. Koloff tore at Morales from the opening bell. Both men ended up fighting outside the ring and the match was



declared a double disqualification.

"It wasn't like I cared at all, but that Puerto Rican dog provoked me," Koloff said. "I was content

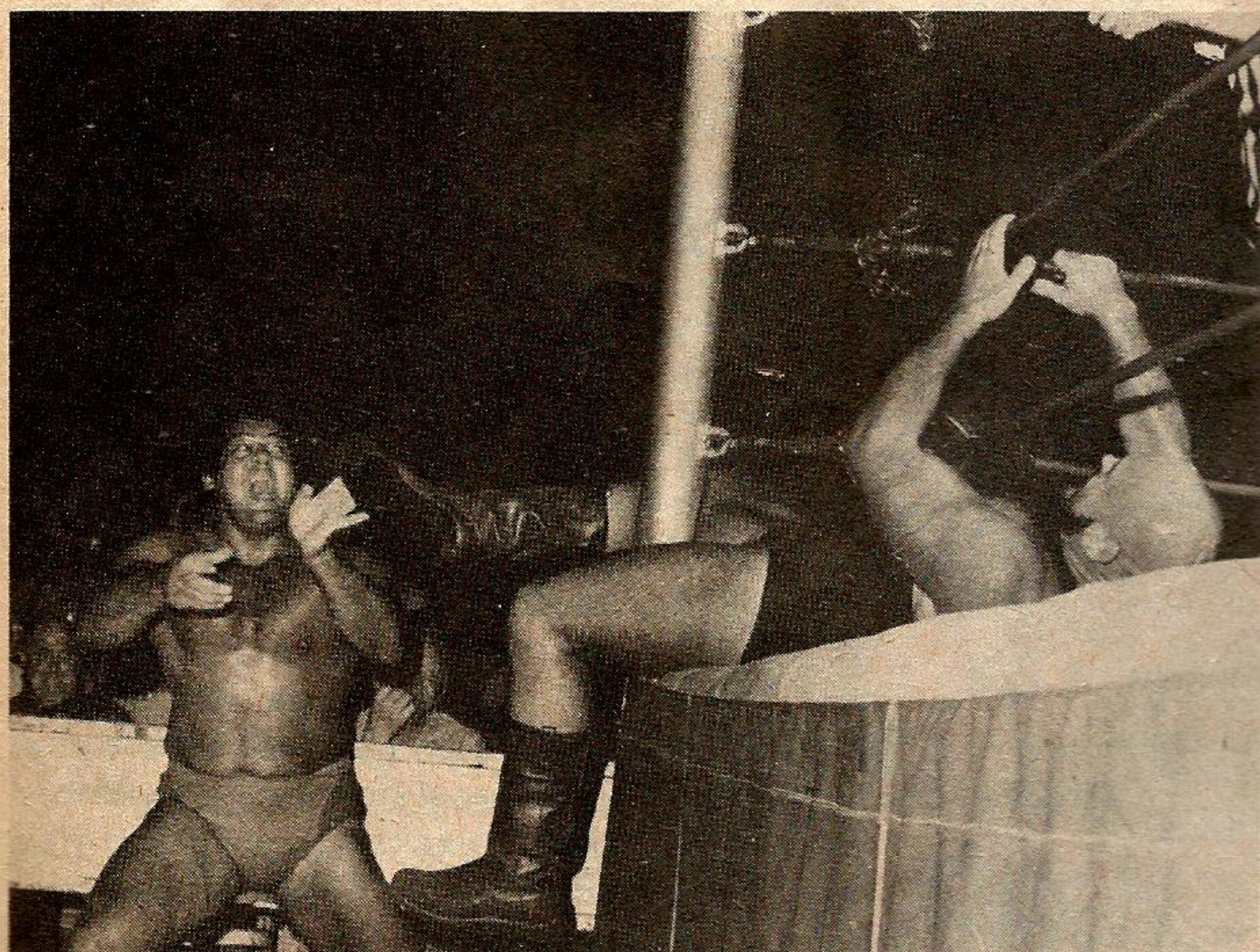
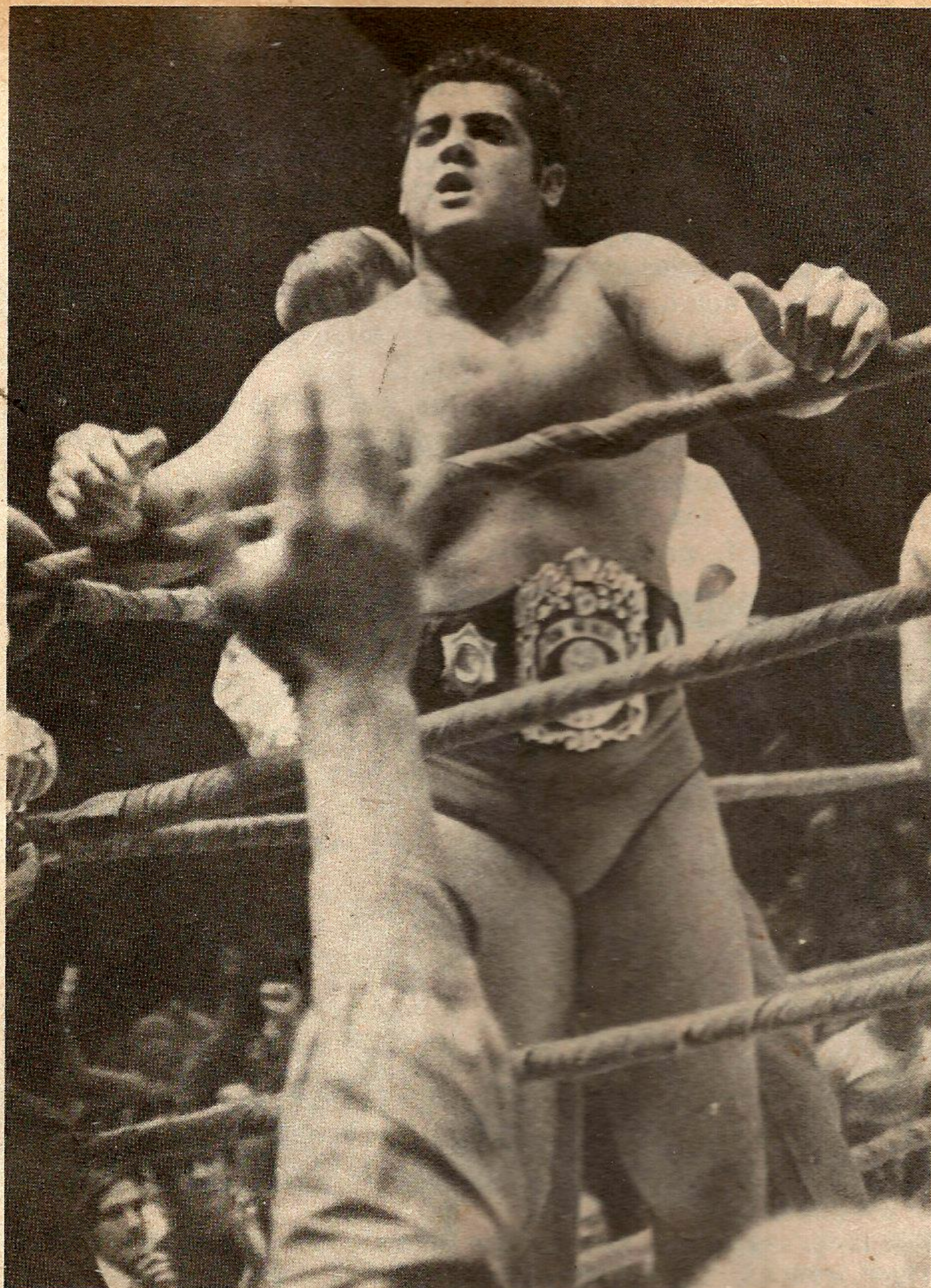
to wrestle in my usual scientific style, a style all of Russia is proud of, when he started using rulebreaking tactics."

Unfortunately for Koloff,

Pedro talks to his fans before a match. He always had time to give reporters and cameramen a little attention.

f Says: "BEATING PEDRO MORALES MEANS NOTHING TO ME NOW!"

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



Pedro has to leave the ring to get at Ivan Koloff. Many people have said that Koloff was about to run away, but Pedro caught him.

every impartial observer of the bout claims it was Koloff who started rulebreaking tactics first.

"I do not even consider Pedro Morales to be in the top one hundred of professional wrestlers," Ivan continued. "He has nothing to command himself. There are at least three hundred better wrestlers in the Soviet Union. This match meant nothing. I do not care about him. It is like caring about a flea. That is what I think of Pedro

Morales!"

Morales was willing to honestly say how he felt about the match.

"Every victory is important to me. I love to win to reward my loyal fans. So I was not pleased by this outcome. I was ashamed of the way I acted. I know I displeased my fans. But the man is so cruel and taunting. I lost my control.

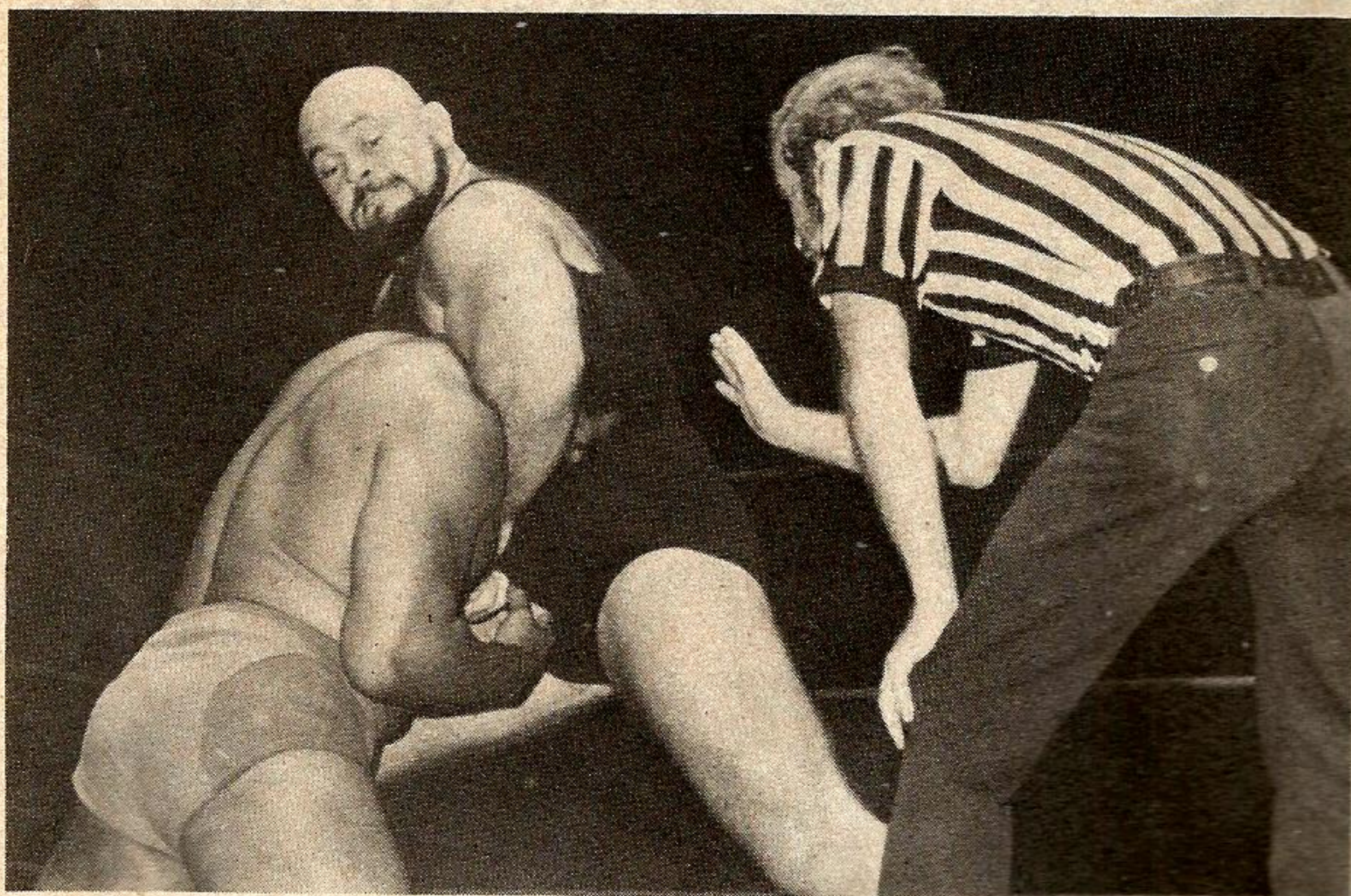
"Even so, it was well worth anything that happened just to wrestle Koloff. He represents the worst of professional

wrestling. I was proud the night I won the WWWF title from him. And I am proud of my colleagues everytime a scientific wrestler beats him."

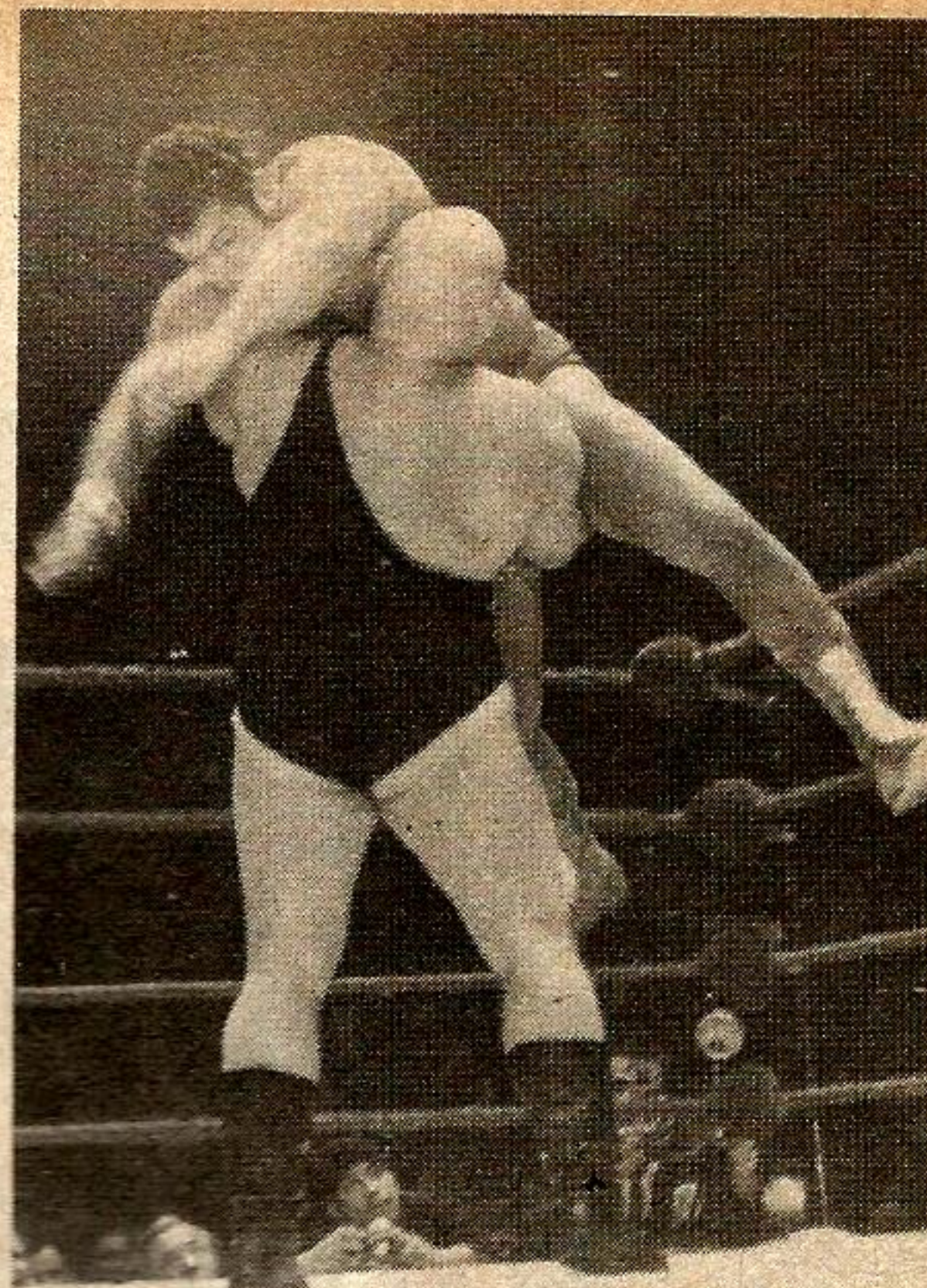
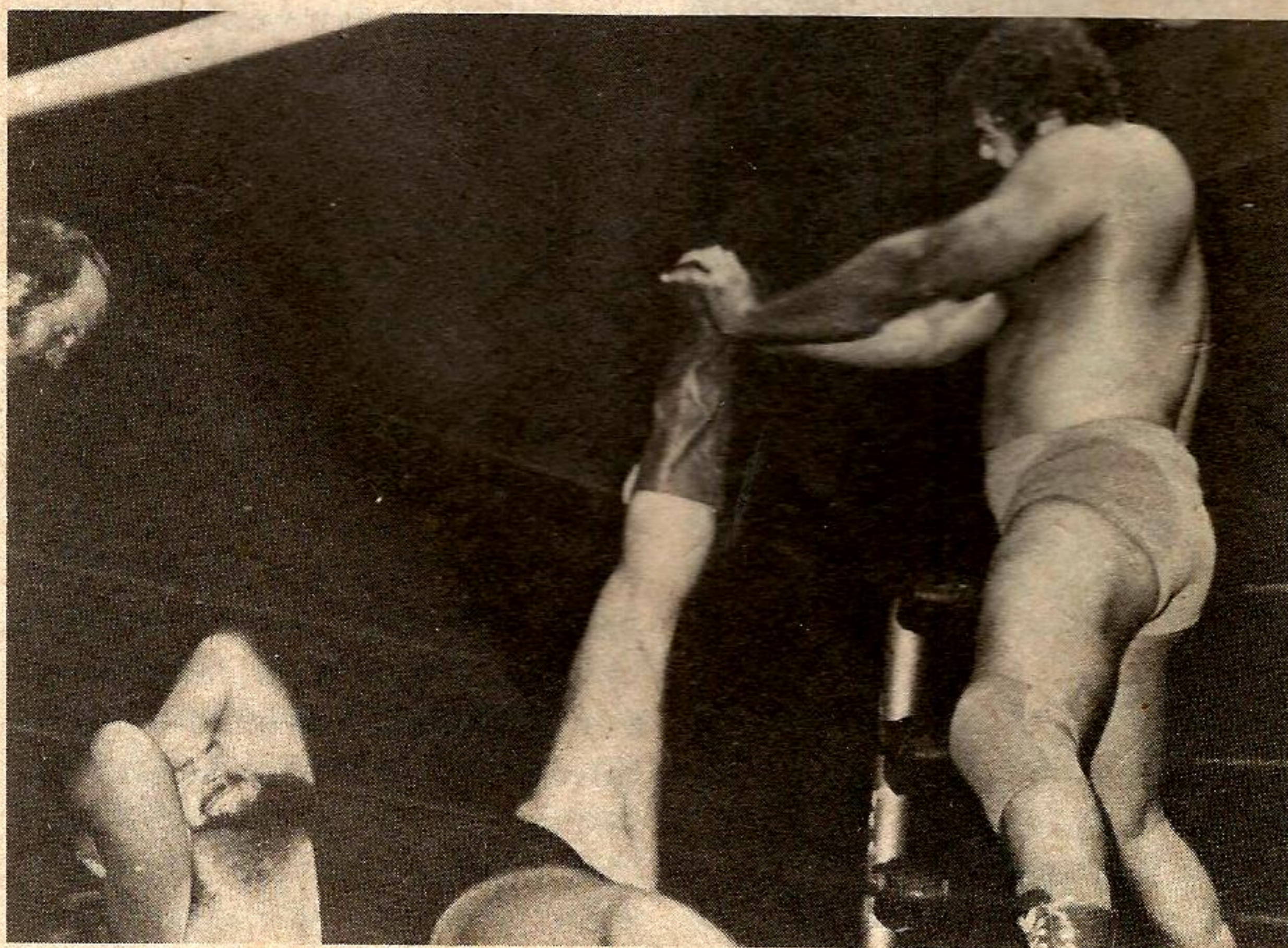
This story may seem no more than a contradiction of attitudes, the usual charges and counter-charges hurled between good guy and bad guy.

It is not.

Ivan Koloff is desperate for a title match. His strategy, which has been unraveled from continuous observation of this man, is not quite clear.



While things look like they are going great for Ivan Koloff with a powerful headlock (above), moments later things turn around and Ivan finds himself in more trouble and a lot of pain (below).



Pedro flies off the top rope onto the helpless Ivan Koloff. Moments later Koloff was counted out and Pedro was the new WWWF champion.

He knows that men, decent men, are reluctant to give him a title match. That is understandable. Yet Koloff also realizes that to constantly rant and rave will have no effect on the federation champions.

He realizes he must be subtle. He must now contrive plausible reasons why matches with men like Morales are meaningless. On the surface, these reasons seem logical. He will undoubtedly pursue this strategy until he realizes it will fail, then he will adopt a new scheme.

That is the real reason why Ivan Koloff barks that the match is irrelevant. It is a convincing lie, but a lie nevertheless. His conduct in the ring indicated how very important he believed this match to be. The fans knew it. Pedro Morales knew it.

But Koloff hopes the champions don't. He wants to isolate and reduce every contender to an irrelevant position. Then, and only then, will his demands for another title match be given legitimacy.

The real question is, whether the wrestling community accepts this. Koloff hopes they do. □

THE HATE HAS reached such epidemic proportions as to throw the entire balance of wrestling out of whack. Everyone despises him. Even former friends.

"He used to be my friend. No

more. Now I want to bash his head inside out," declared Ole Anderson.

"He has to be killed. I want to do it. That's why I turned fan favorite. To annihilate him," said Blackjack Mulligan.

Sworn enemies.

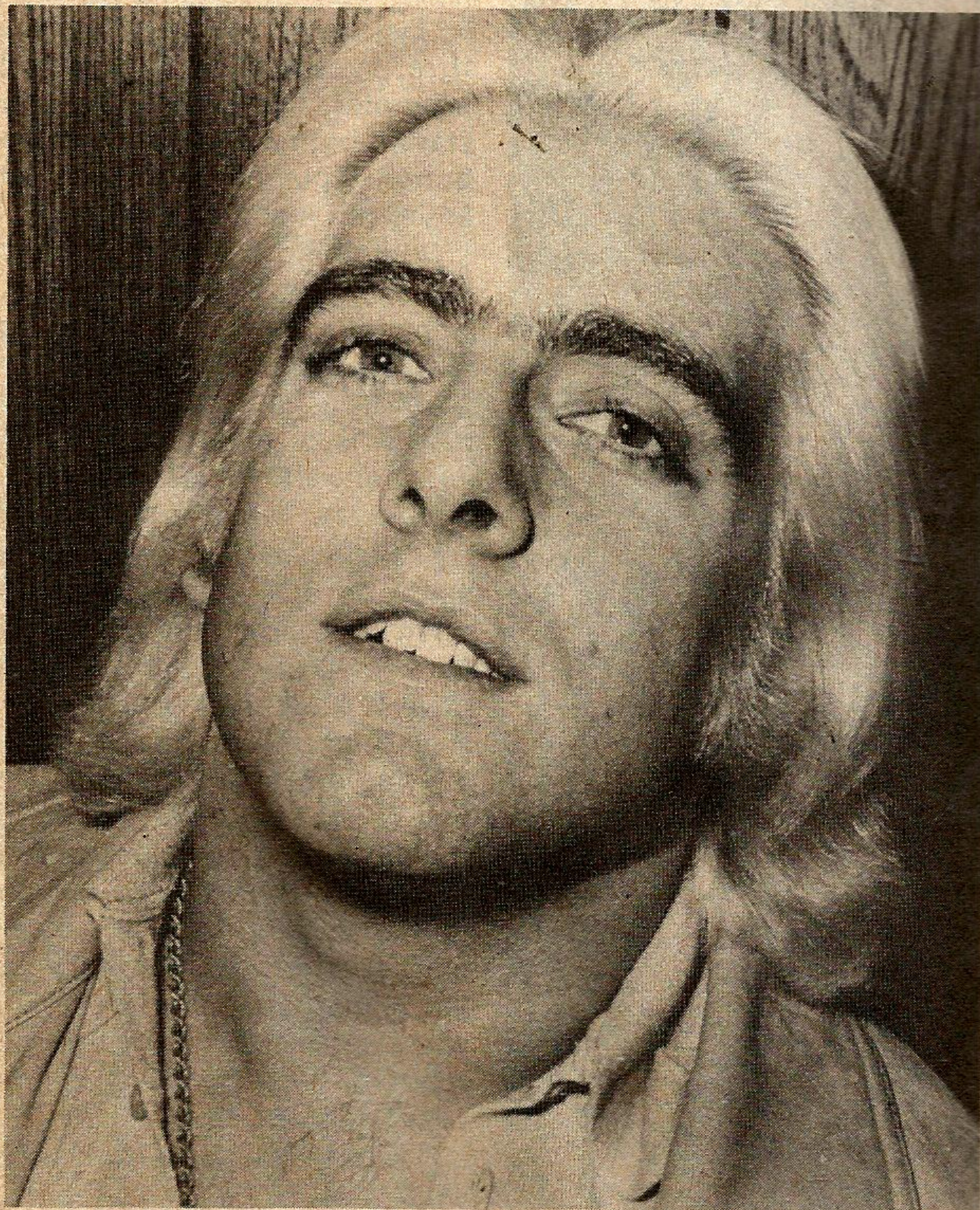
"I'd like to rip his forehead off and mail it to China," declared Rick Steamboat.

"He deserves to be destroyed. I want to get first crack at him. But there's one helluva waiting line," said Paul Jones.

All except one man.

"He's my buddy, my best friend. I think he's the greatest. Ain't no man alive tougher than him, except, of course, me," said Greg Valentine.

Who is this mindless virus sweeping through wrestling? Who is this man who threatens to destroy the sport? Who is this man listed as enemy number



**RIC
FLAIR:
THE
CANCER
THAT
CAN**

DESTROY WRESTLING

Spreading his terrifying methods like a disease, Ric Flair is losing more and more friends and crippling more and more wrestlers. Will this reign of terror ever end?

PHOTOS BY BILL JANOSIK



one on everyone's list?
Ric Flair.

"Ah, they're all jealous 'cause I'm better-looking and more talented," Flair grinned. "Good, I'll take 'em all on. Five at a time, I don't care, they want me so badly."

It is not just that the hatred of

Flair is so great. It is the way it is undermining all attempts at balance. Everyone wants to wrestle Flair. Obviously, that doesn't leave anyone left to wrestle. Wrestlers and their managers are storming promoters' offices, demanding matches with Flair.

Even former friends like Ole Anderson now can't wait to get their chance to destroy hated Ric Flair.

"I've never see anything like this," said one harassed promoter. "You think the guy started both world wars and the bubonic plague. We can't get any other matches going."

Something should be done to restrain this thunderous hate. Something must be done to retain a semblance of balance, perhaps a round-robin destruction meet, with each wrestler waiting his turn at Flair. But no one is willing to do that.

"I want him dead," Anderson said prior to a tag team match with his partner Wahoo McDaniel and Valentine and Flair. "I want him. If not tonight, then tomorrow."

That match demonstrated why Ric Flair is so despised. He pulled every illegal trick in the book, combining cowardice and treachery in one nauseating panorama of deceit. There are few words left to describe what sort of animal Ric Flair is. Now the wrestlers are taking over that department.

"He has to be stopped," Jones said.

"Mutilate him," Steamboat said.

Indeed, vehement words from two of wrestling's finest men. That shows the incredible contempt for Flair.

"I've seen guys hated before, but no one had ever caused this sort of reaction," said a promoter. "I'm willing to bet that Flair doesn't live out the year."

Predictably, Flair's reaction is one of scorning contempt, both for those old enemies who want him, and his former friends.

"Doesn't anyone put down a guy like Mulligan, who used to

be my friend? That's okay, huh, that Mulligan is a back-stabber. Now that he's a scientific wrestler he can get away with anything and no one will give a damn.

"That's bull, if you ask me. I ain't done anything to those guys that I haven't done before. Why is everyone suddenly after me. Why now?

Probably the only friend Ric Flair has left is Greg Valentine. Here Greg holds Wahoo McDaniel as Flair cowardly punches the Indian nearly into unconsciousness.

"Maybe 'cause they realize I'm moving closer to a world title. They know that if I'm not stopped now, in a few months I'll be wearing the NWA belt.

"What about this conspiracy, huh? You lousy writers never hassle those guys. Up yours, baby, I ain't talking to you sissy twerps anymore! You want quotes, talk to my agent. Otherwise leave me the hell alone."

There is something almost tragically pathetic about Ric

Flair. Though his actions are despicable, he is now a very lonely man, with only one friend, Greg Valentine, and Valentine may not be all that loyal.

Perhaps Flair realizes that his days are numbered. Perhaps he realizes that he will be destroyed, even if wrestling is set back five years.

They will find a cure for this cancer named Ric Flair. Perhaps he is afraid. He has good reason to be. □



THERE IS ONLY one exclusive contract. There is room for only one man in the Mid-Atlantic region. But there are two men.

Tony Atlas.

Cyclone Negro.

Only one man can stay.

Only one man can survive.

"I'll bash his ugly black puss in and then toss him into the Atlantic Ocean," Negro promised ominously. "I want that contract. My fans, the intelligent ones, want me here. I won't let some sniveling jungle animal stand in my way.

"I know that I would bring a higher level of wrestling to the Mid-Atlantic region," Atlas said softly. "I think the fans want to see me there. I know that Negro has sworn to destroy me. Well, he hasn't yet and I don't think he ever will."

This problem must be settled by one conclusive match. Thus far, their matches have ended in either disqualification or a draw. That is not good enough.

"If we're going to give out this exclusive contract, it'll be to the guy who deserves it," said a local promoter. "I don't want any questions raised later about this. One guy is going to have to beat the other silly. Then the winner will get the contract. Not before."

For those who favor cage matches, strap matches and other brutal modes of wrestling warfare, this intense and hateful rivalry should be most pleasing. There is absolutely no way out. Repeat. One man must win.

"It's an added incentive for me," Atlas said. "Not only do I dislike Cyclone out of personal reasons, but now he is blocking my path.

"I have long thought that the Mid-Atlantic region was among the best places to wrestle in. I think the fans are great here. I really love it here. It's been a dream of mine for a long time, to wrestle here. He can't stop me. I want it too badly."

And so, Mr. Atlas, does Negro. What does he think, he's got a monopoly on wanting something? Just because he's a scientific wrestler, everyone thinks them guys are the only ones who want something.

"I tell you, I shoulda had the contract a while ago. I've whipped him every time we've met, but the crummy refs keep denying me the belt.

"They must be in league with the promoters. Well, I'll get the stinker soon enough, you just wait."

A recent match is illustrative of their frenzied contempt. Usually, a

THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE



His muscles tell the story as Tony Atlas applies the pressure to the head of his opponent, Cyclone Negro.

match will have a brief lull period while each man analyzes his opponent. Even when two men have wrestled each other on a number of occasions, there is always a momentary cessation of hostilities.

Not with these two men.

The action is continuous and brutal. Negro seems capable of unfurling every dreadful illegal maneuver known to man and beast. Atlas appears the very

paragon of decency, issuing aggressive, yet refined moves.

In their last match, Negro was disqualified for excessive eye-gouging. At that point, Atlas thought he had won.

"I thought for sure I had the contract in my hip pocket," Tony said. "A disqualification is a victory, right? So what more can I do? I know I can eventually pin him, but he's a tough dude to get down.

"And he can keep this up

forever. He can always get himself disqualified, knowing that neither of us will get the exclusive contract.

"It may take me a while, but I'll get him down. I promise that."

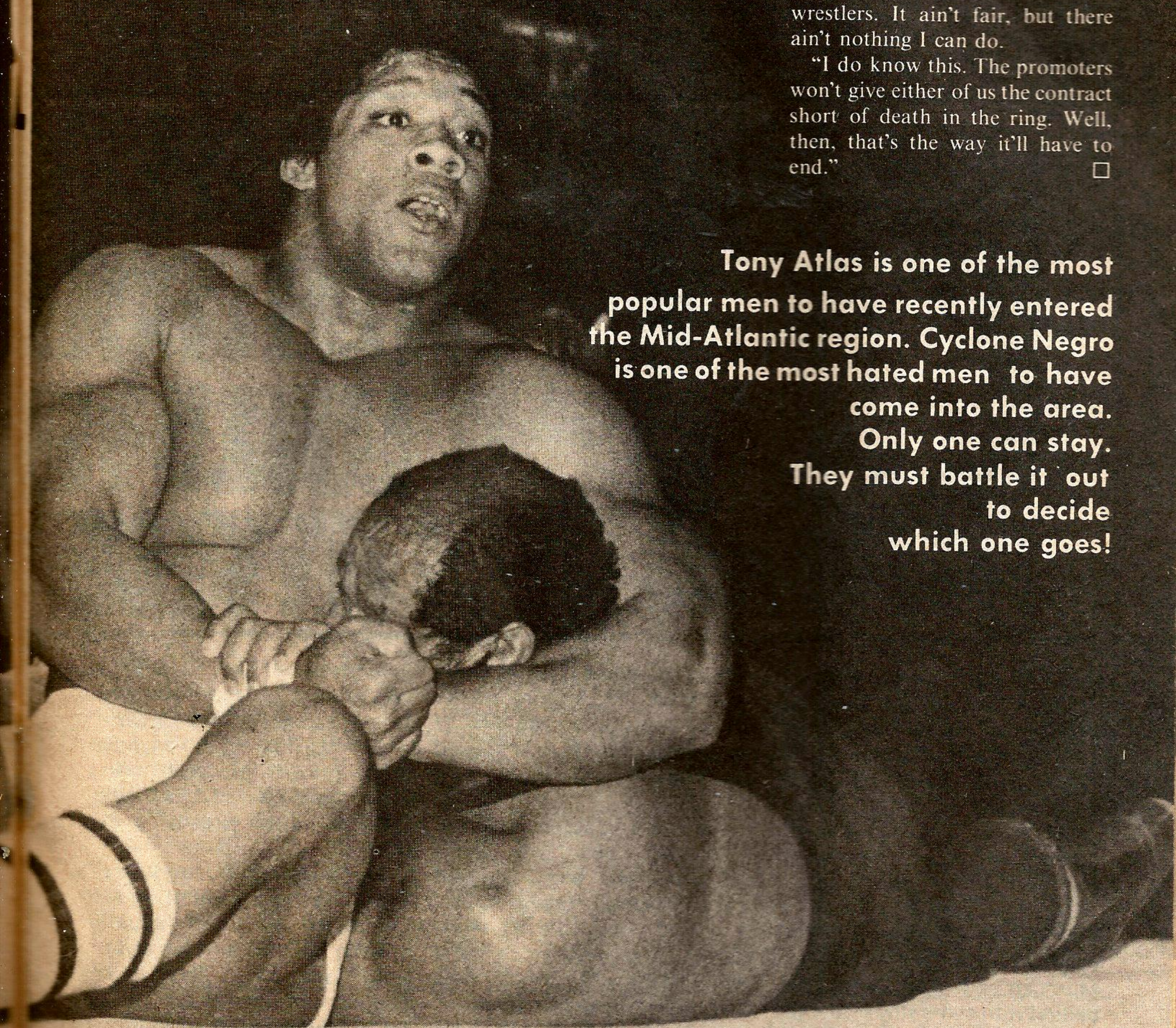
Negro was fiendishly bemused at Atlas' accusations.

"I don't get myself disqualified," he said. "I don't have to pull that stuff.

"When I get disqualified, it's because the ref has a different set of standards for me and the rest of the wrestlers. It ain't fair, but there ain't nothing I can do.

"I do know this. The promoters won't give either of us the contract short of death in the ring. Well, then, that's the way it'll have to end." □

Tony Atlas is one of the most popular men to have recently entered the Mid-Atlantic region. Cyclone Negro is one of the most hated men to have come into the area. Only one can stay. They must battle it out to decide which one goes!



PHOTOS BY BILL JANOSIK

WHEN A MAN like Dick Murdoch enters an arena, the crowd just doesn't know how to react. He is a man of many moods and actions. No one ever knows what he will do next. He is completely unpredictable.

When we look at him, we see a certain amount of drive, we see a certain amount of determination, but most of all, we see his desire.

A desire so strong that he will fight to the death for what he believes in.

Dick Murdoch holds the

to count out the two men still outside the ring. By the count of eight, Jack managed to enter the squared circle. Dick barely made it by the count of 10, narrowly avoiding a count out by less than a split second.

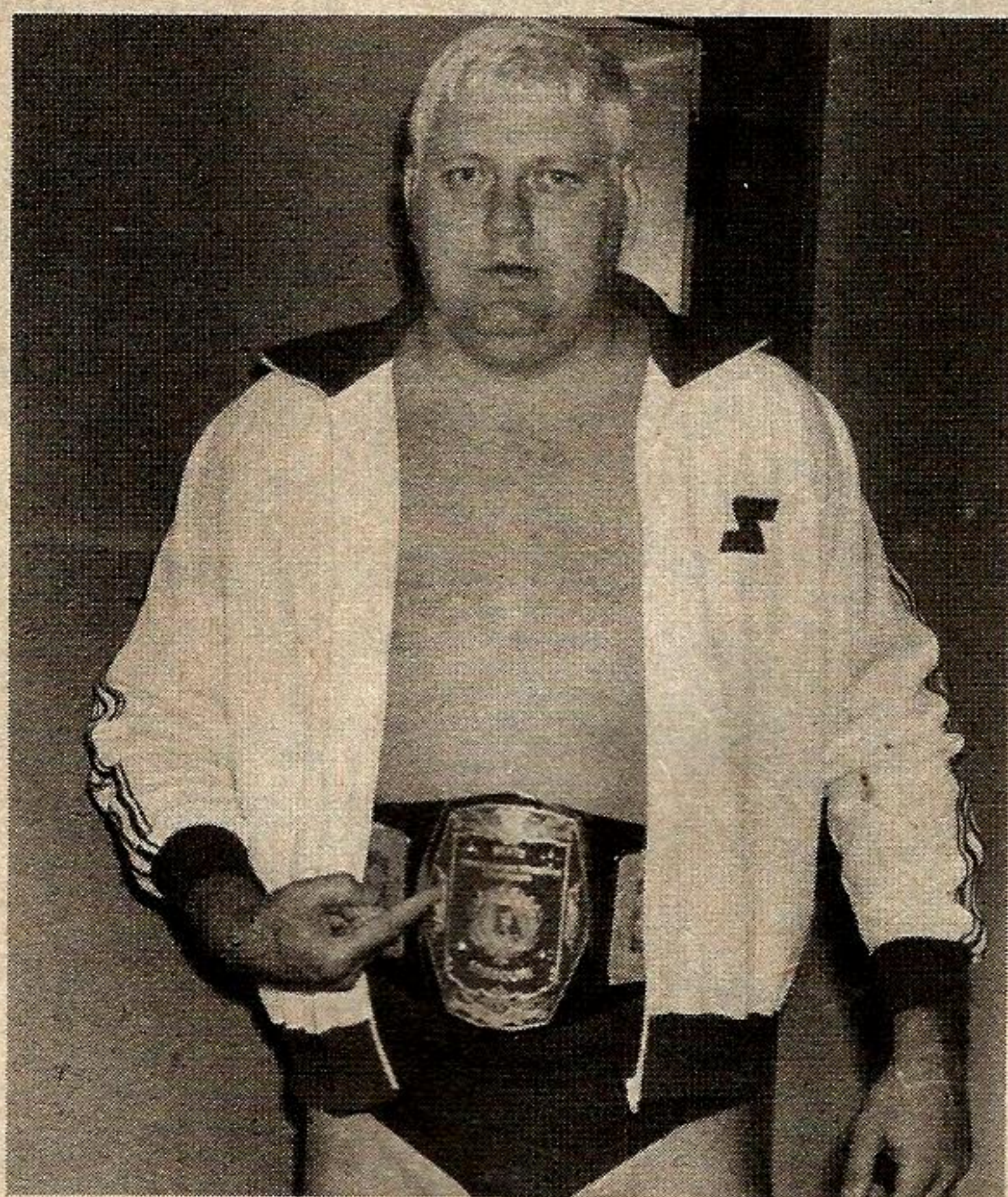
Dick wanted to be sure that he would leave the same way he came in, still holding the title. He knew he had to do everything he could possibly do to make sure Jack Brisco would not take it over.

They went at it like two uncaged animals. For a few

kicking Murdoch. Dick was surprised by the attack and had trouble turning Brisco back.

This made Murdoch even madder than he was before. It turned into the worst bloodbath of the year. Each man stood there, doing everything and anything in his power to annihilate the other. Blood was everywhere. They got to the point where they couldn't even see where they were punching.

As the referee asked each man if they were ready to quit, Murdoch was heard screaming,



THE T DICK MU WILL D TO THE

Missouri championship title and he doesn't plan to ever lose it. "I have never worked so hard for anything in my whole life," said Dick. "There is no way I'm giving it up so easy."

That explains the reason for the most vicious match seen in years.

Jack Brisco, former holder of the NWA championship belt, wasn't even in the ring yet. Dick Murdoch attacked him from behind with some kind of foreign object. This was the start of a war never to be forgotten.

The referee didn't bother with the introductions and proceeded

minutes it looked like Brisco had the match under control. An instant later, the tide turned completely around and it looked like Murdoch would take the win.

Murdoch was up on the ropes. What was he up to? In a brilliant maneuver, one with style and grace, Murdoch leaped off and smashed into Brisco's midsection. Brisco went down and everyone thought the match was over. Everyone except Brisco.

With the strength and determination of a man on the verge of disaster, Brisco leaped up and began punching and

"I'm not giving up, NEVER. I don't care if I kill him, I just have to win. It's my life. It's my dream."

This was true. It was quite apparent that Murdoch didn't care if he murdered Jack Brisco. He was out to wrestle to the death.

But what about Jack Brisco? Why was he wrestling so viciously? "I don't usually wrestle in that sort of style," Jack later said, "but if an opponent of mine is out for my blood, there is no way that I will just stand there and take it. No way in the world!"

After the match was finally

Dick Murdoch tears away at the neck muscles of Jack Brisco during one of the most vicious matches ever.

over, Dick Murdoch had to be questioned. He had much to explain. There was just no excuse for his actions.

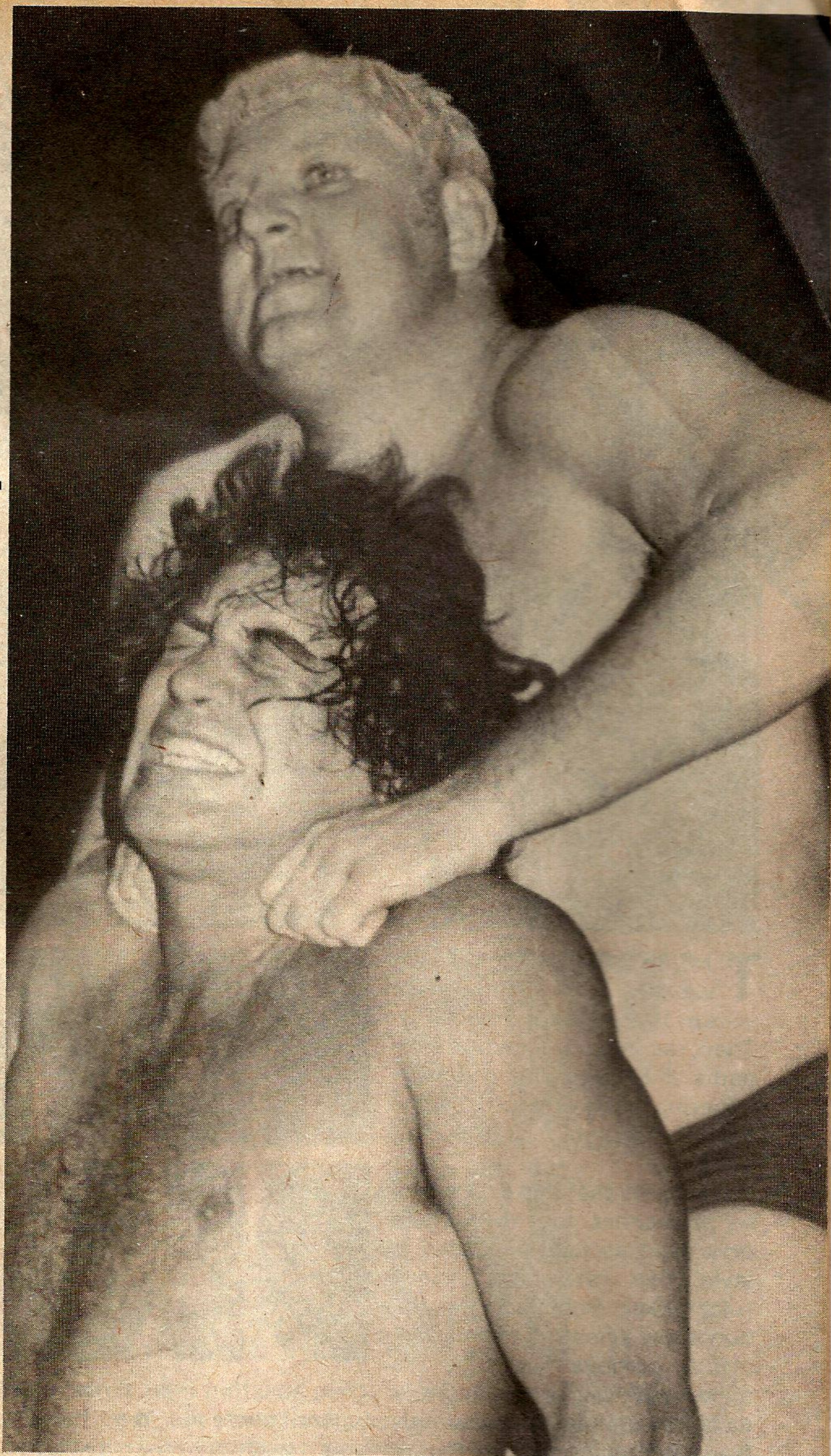
"Once you have the Missouri title, the NWA belt is in the bag. That's why I couldn't let it slip away. I can't give up this title until I get the other one. And I will get the other one, it's just a

ITLE RDOCH EFEND DEATH

matter of time." Dick talked with such determination that you had to believe him.

"I have come this far already, I can continue, just watch." Dick talked as if he were ready for his next victim. It was a sight to be remembered.

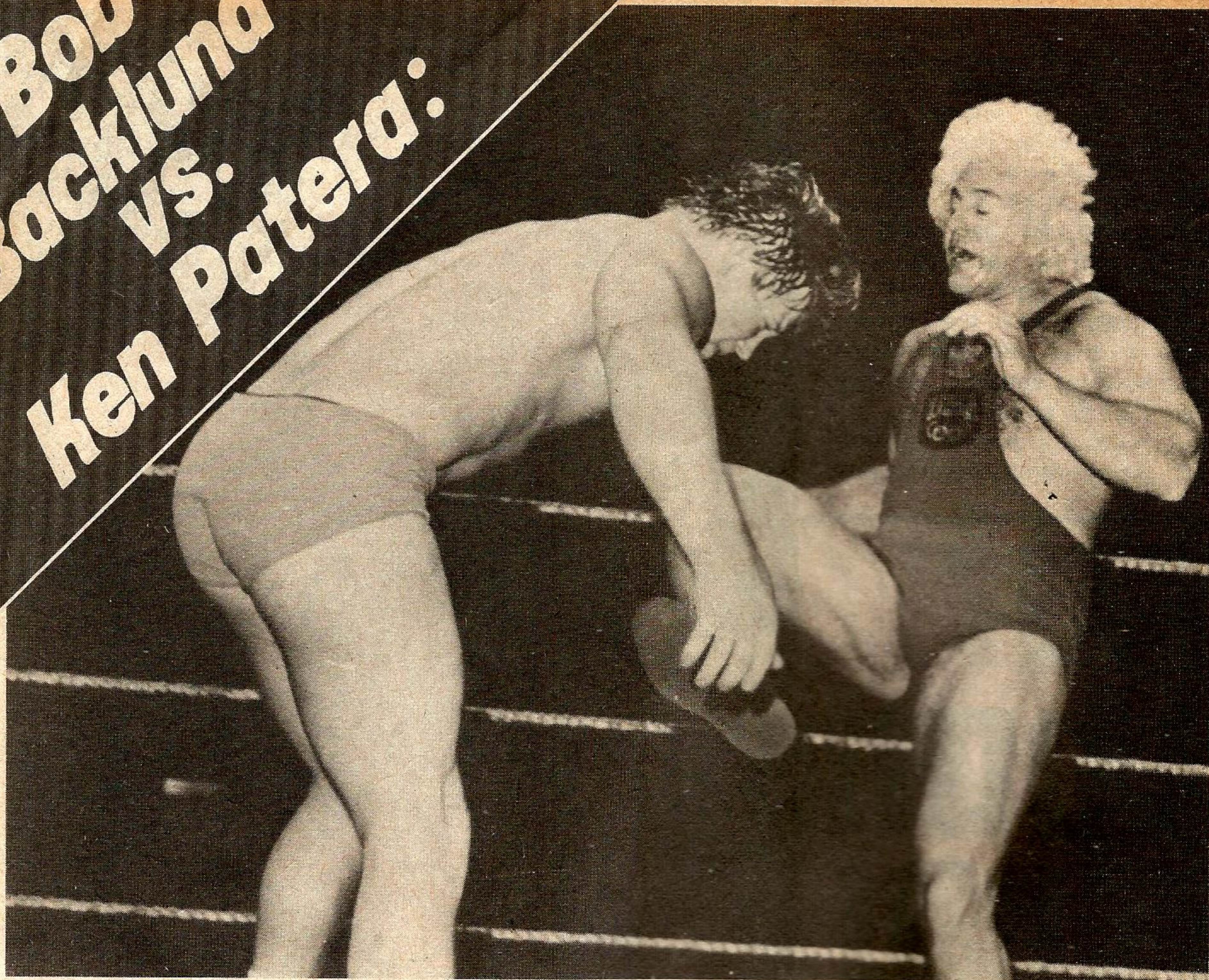
Murdoch was then asked if he would wrestle Dusty Rhodes. At
(Continued on page 56)



PHOTOS BY ROGER DEEM

The Missouri state title means more than life for Dick Murdoch. He is intent on keeping the belt no matter who or what he has to destroy

Bob Backlund vs. Ken Patera:



THEIR CAREERS WERE once similar, back in the days when both were amateurs. Then, as often happens, their paths diverged, with one man adhering to the ways of decency, the other pursuing the road of brutality.

It seemed that this split would be permanent, that they would only meet as total opposites in style, Ken Patera the vicious rulebreaker, Bob Backlund the honorable scientific wrestler.

But, perhaps stung by the memory of his glorious amateur days and the need to constantly feed his monstrous ego, Patera felt he had something to prove.

He wanted to beat Backlund at his own game.

"I'm as good a scientific wrestler as the twerp is," Patera said. "What did I say? As good?

HOW ONE DECIDED

Hah, superior, man. I'm a better scientific wrestler than he ever was. I was better than he was as an amateur. I'm better as a pro."

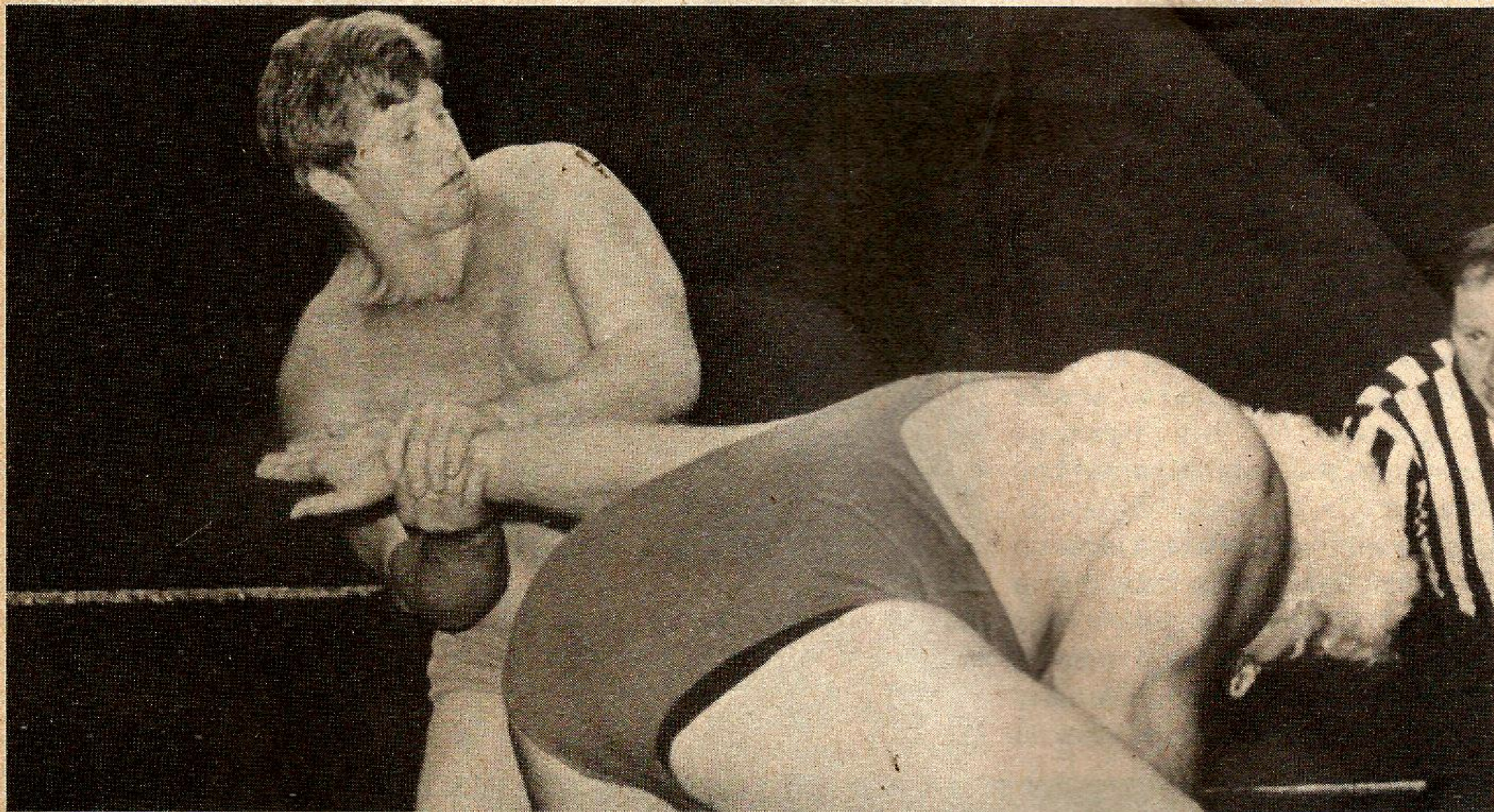
At first glance this seemed another Patera trick, yet another example of his treachery. Lull the opponent into a false sense of security, then implement

some horrid deceit and win the match. Backlund certainly wasn't fooled by it. Initially, at least.

"Ken Patera embodies the worst traits of rulebreaking," Bob said. "He is simply vicious. What is he talking about, wrestling fairly. He wouldn't

Both Ken Patera and Bob Backlund have fine amateur wrestling backgrounds. Early in his career, Patera used that knowledge to his advantage. Today he almost never wrestles scientifically. But when he vowed he would, in his match against Backlund, it may have caused his downfall

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



The champion has things under control during this match with Ken Patera. Backlund, as well as the fans, were a little skeptical when Patera failed to use any rulebreaking tactics.

FATAL FLAW THIS MATCH

remember how."

That was how it began to shape up, Patera insisting he did want to wrestle scientifically, Backlund and the rest of the wrestling community skeptical.

People kept hammering away at Patera's claims, searching for that clue which would reveal his

hidden motive. After a while, the skepticism began to disappear as it looked like Patera was sincere. He would wrestle Backlund scientifically.

"I'm not saying I'm ready to join the ranks of the goody-goody morons who call themselves good guys," Patera

sneered. "I'm happy with the way I am. I'm the greatest wrestler in the world, right?"

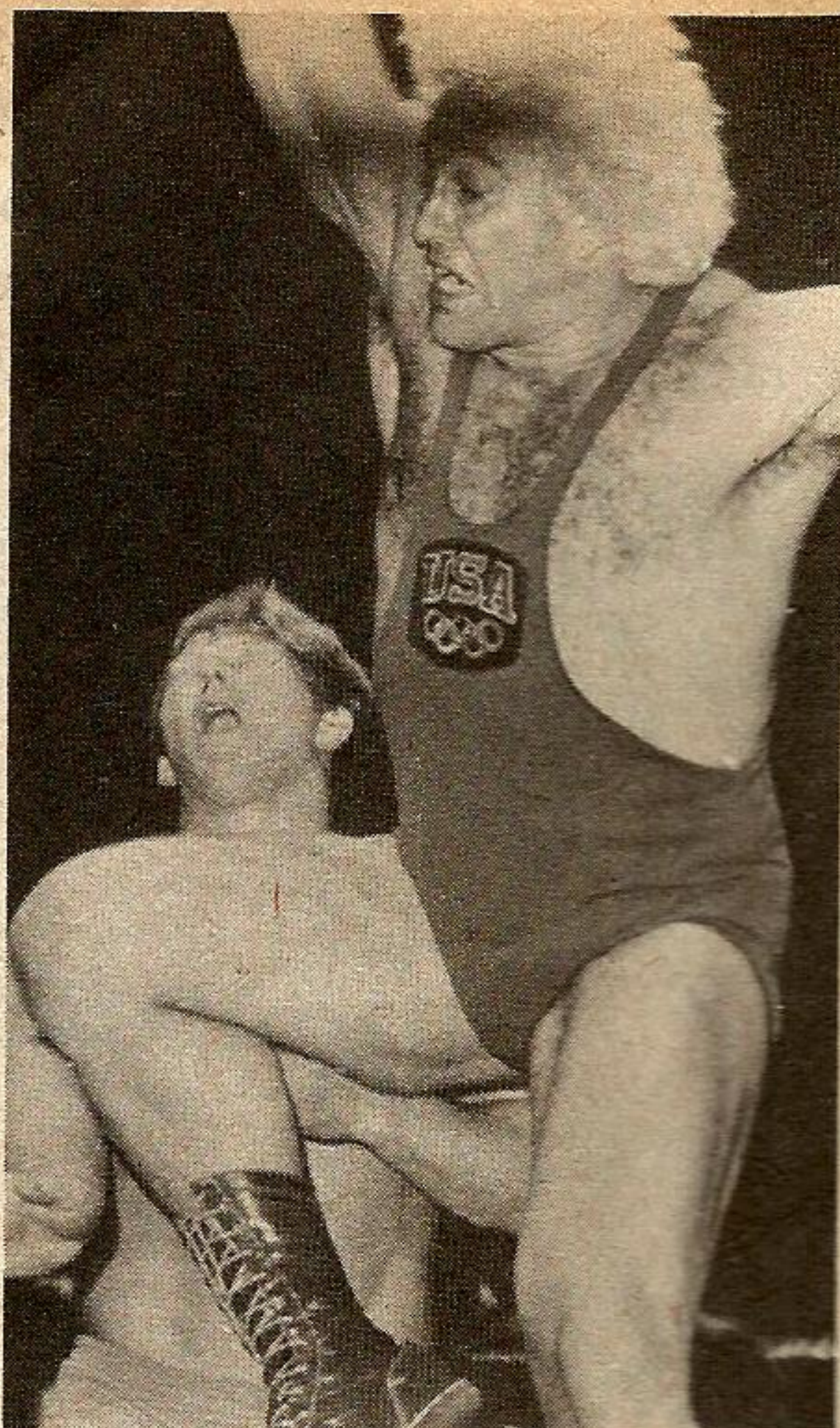
"But this is just to show the stinking world that Backlund ain't so hot. Champion, hah," he snorted in his unusual high and mighty way. "He deserves to wear the belt as much as a dog

deserves cramps. Figure that one out, if you can," Patera challenged the bewildered expressions of our reporters.

"Once I whip that worm, the whole world will see that Bob Backlund ain't nothin' more than a mediocre wrestler. But if I whip him in my usual gentlemanly way," he cackled, "no one will accept it as a real victory. But to whip the SOB at his own game, using his own methods, methods I knew so well when I was an amateur champ, hah, that'll show the whole world who's the greatest."

Patera's boasts were supported by his heinous manager, the hated Captain Lou Albano.

"My main man Patera is going to twist Backlund's face into a pile of strawberry jelly. He's going to do it fair and square, baby, you dig, man," Albano said. "No rulebreaking. For a



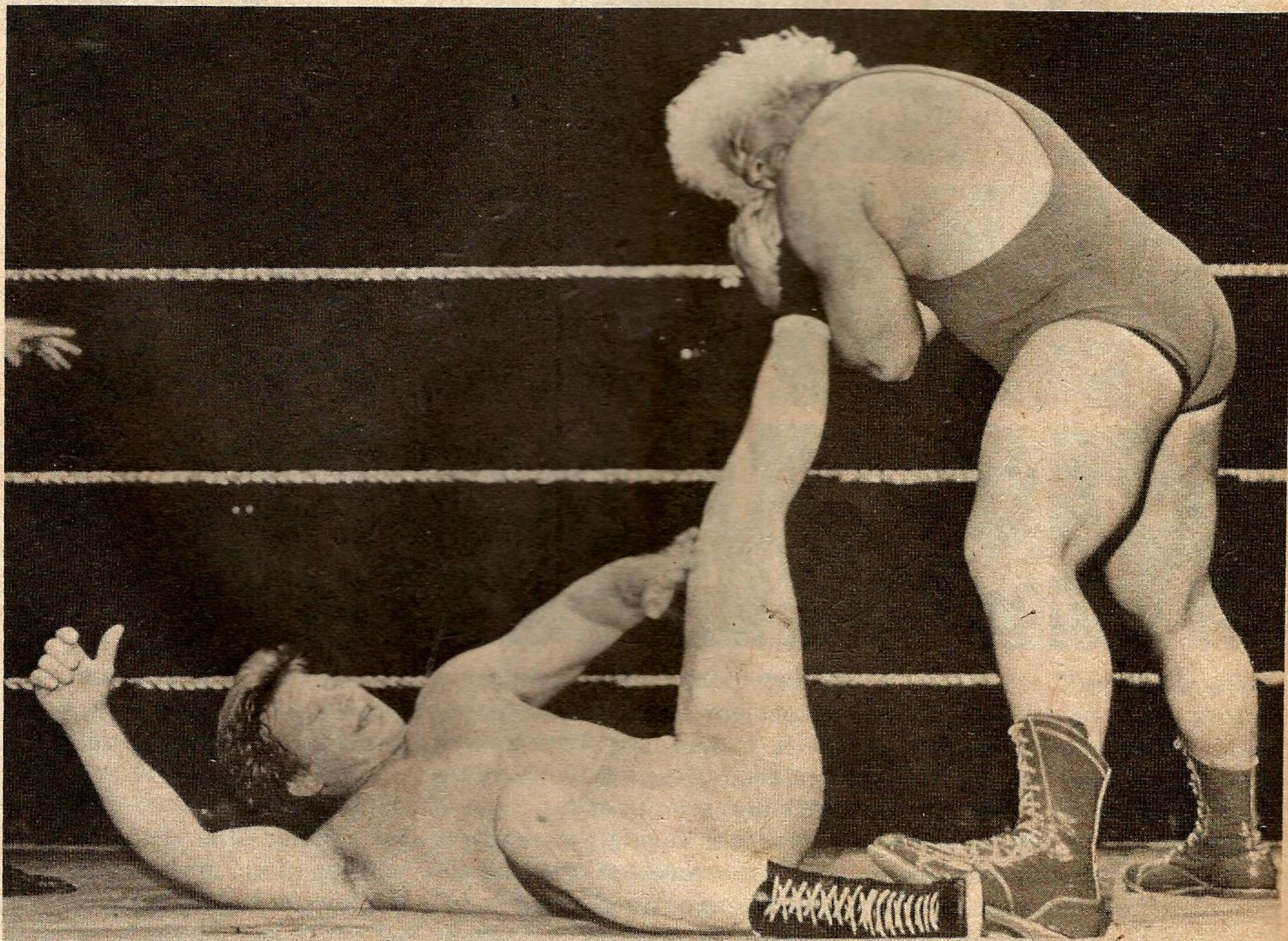
Above: Patera learns that the only way he can win is by his usual tactics. Below: He continues to break the rules to gain control.

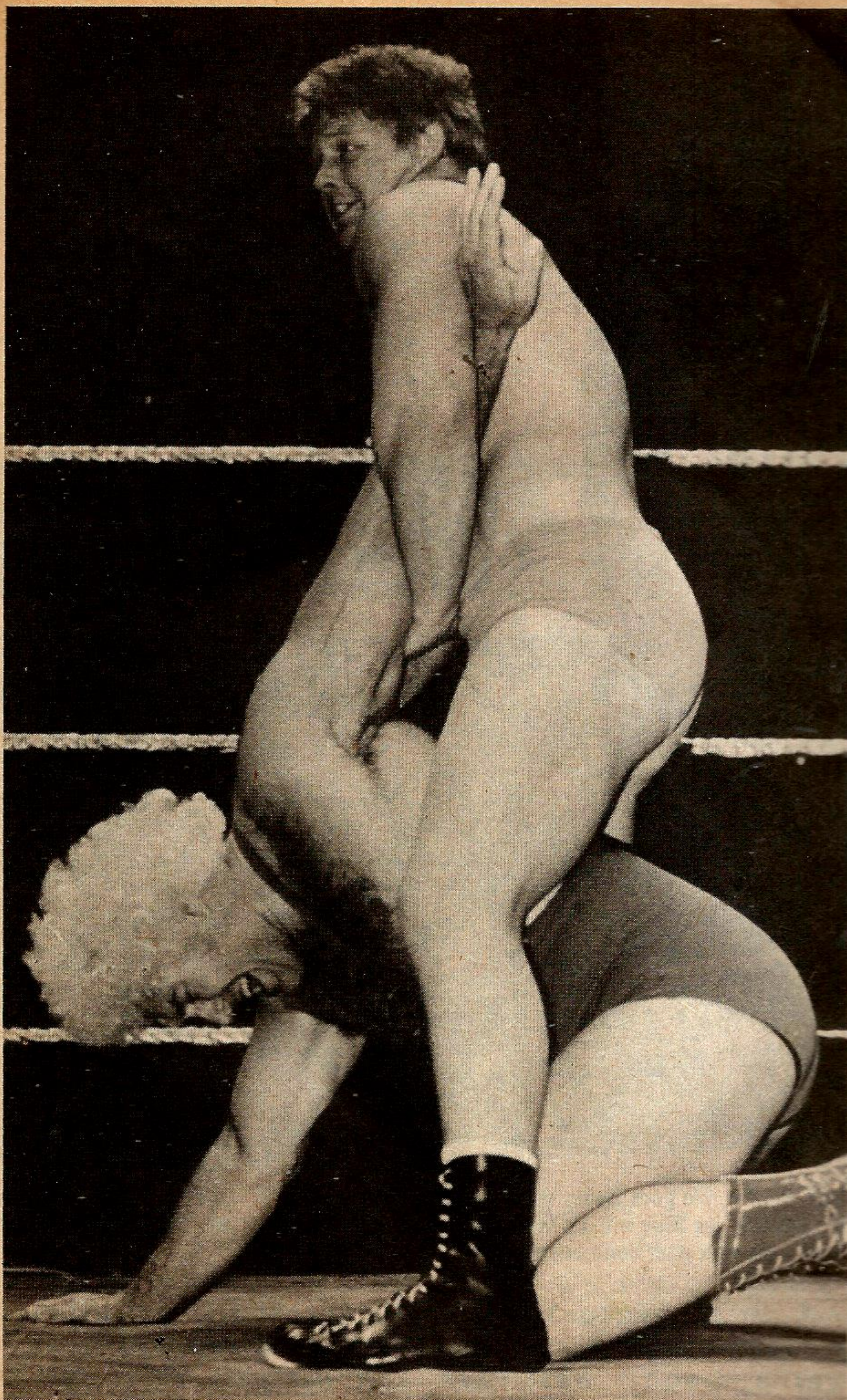
creep like Backlund, Patera's rulebreaking is too good. He's gonna take the scientific ways, pummel Backlund, and then toss them away, showing the world what he thinks of those nice, boring maneuvers."

The match was viewed with more interest than normal. It was more than a case of a decent champion defending his belt against the treachery of a rulebreaker. The unsettling question kept arising.

What if Patera *does* win?

The first few minutes contained the persistent question, the persistent wait for Patera to revert to his old ways. But he didn't. He matched Backlund scientific move for scientific move. Several times Patera had an opportunity to use a rulebreaking move. He didn't. If anyone seemed more bewildered than the fans, it was Backlund.





Backlund makes Patera grimace in pain as he controls the match once again. The match went back and forth until Backlund proved to be the better scientific wrestler.

"I was just waiting for him to pull something," Backlund said.

Patera got Backlund into a killing head-lock and the WWWF champion began to sag to the canvas. Suddenly, Backlund reversed the move and flung Patera into the ropes. Instead of reaching for a chair or other

foreign object, as Patera is wont to do, he simply utilized a scientific move and equalized the match.

"I told you I was going to play it fair," Patera explained.

Midway through the match, Patera's boasts were proven hollow by Backlund's relentless

scientific expertise. Backlund nearly pinned Patera, with Ken just escaping. Then Backlund pummeled Patera with his atomic spinebreaker, again Patera was barely able to escape defeat, this time by climbing outside the ring.

"I knew I had him," Backlund recollected.

A frenzied flurry of arms and groans, and Patera bounced against the ropes. This time his eyes were murderous, irrational slits. This time he did not unfurl another scientific move. With a bestial groan, he charged into Backlund and kicked him in the groin.

"It had to happen eventually," Backlund said.

Bob grinned, a somewhat misplaced smile considering the damage Patera was trying to wreak upon him. However, the following seconds revealed that it was not a smile of concern, but of triumph. Backlund ripped into Patera and, when the mass of bodies were parted, Backlund's arm was raised in a victorious salute.

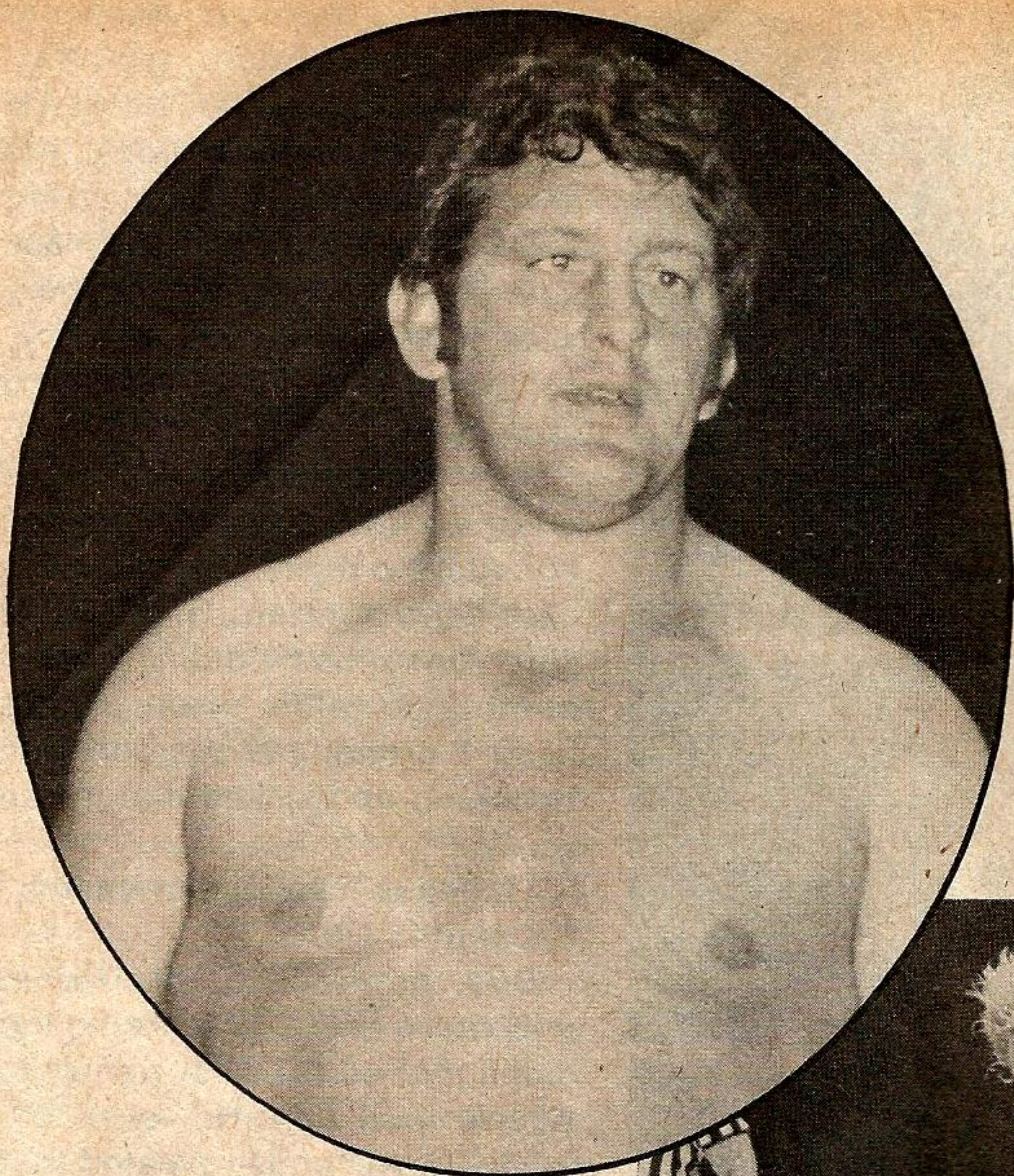
Backlund acknowledged the relieved cries of the crowd. Then Patera charged forward and ripped the microphone away from the ring announcer.

"What does this prove, huh? One lousy fall? I'm still a better scientific wrestler than Backlund is. I'm still the best. One lousy fall doesn't mean a thing." The embarrassed announcer grabbed the mike from Patera, who stormed down the aisle toward the dressing room.

The match proved that Backlund is a superior scientific wrestler. That question has been answered. But another question must now be asked.

What if Patera had used his rulebreaking from the start?

Given his performance in the ring, he might now be WWWF champion. □



THERE'S A GRIMLY humorous scene from the movie *Mister Roberts*, where James Cagney barks over the loudspeaker, about his missing plant, "Who did it? Who did it?" Henry Fonda, who played Roberts in the movie, storms into Cagney's quarters and freely admits that he was the culprit who had tossed the plant overboard in the Pacific Ocean.

Ah, if only life were as easily understood as movies. For the culprit in this real drama is not coming forward to confess his guilt. He has remained hidden in the alleys of rumors, content to practice his heinous acts upon Billy Robinson.

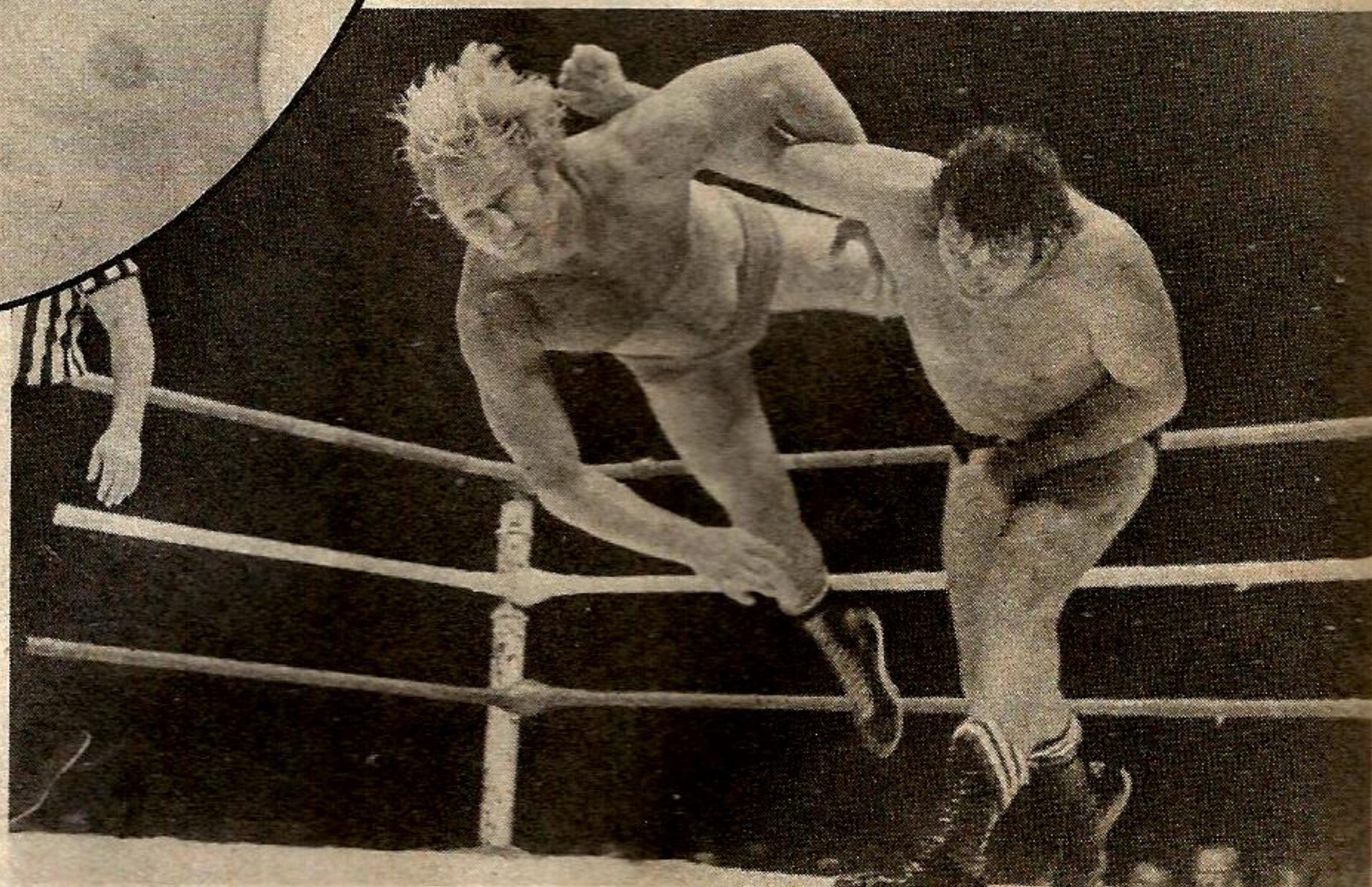
For many years the top AWA contender, Robinson has been forced to wrestle in Europe and the Orient. He has returned to the AWA, but only for one-shot deals. He cannot get a long-term contract. Someone is blacklisting Billy Robinson from the AWA.

Who did it?

winkle's manner of getting himself disqualified to retain his belt.

However, without any explanation, Robinson was suddenly scheduled against mediocre wrestlers. The quality of his opponents kept declining, until it was an absolute mockery. Here was the AWA's top contender forced to wrestle clubhouse non-entities. It made no sense. The fans love Billy

WHO B



Nick Bockwinkle goes flying through the air courtesy of Billy Robinson. This is a rare occasion to see Billy wrestle in this area. He clearly demonstrates that he is capable of taking on high rank contenders.

A brief background is required at this point. When Verne Gagne was AWA champion, he and Robinson met numerous times. On a few occasions, Robinson did win the match and belt, but only for a few moments until the decision was reversed on a technicality. Then, when Nick Bockwinkle captured the title from Gagne, he battled Robinson on many evenings, in matches which are legend in the annals of AWA title matches. Again, Robinson saw his title pursuits denied by Bock-

Robinson and consistently packed the arenas to see him. So it was not due to any lack of fan support. His wrestling was as superb as always. So it was not due to any lessening of skills. Then why has Billy Robinson been forced to seek top-flight matches abroad? Why hasn't Billy Robinson been given a contract for title matches against Bockwinkle?

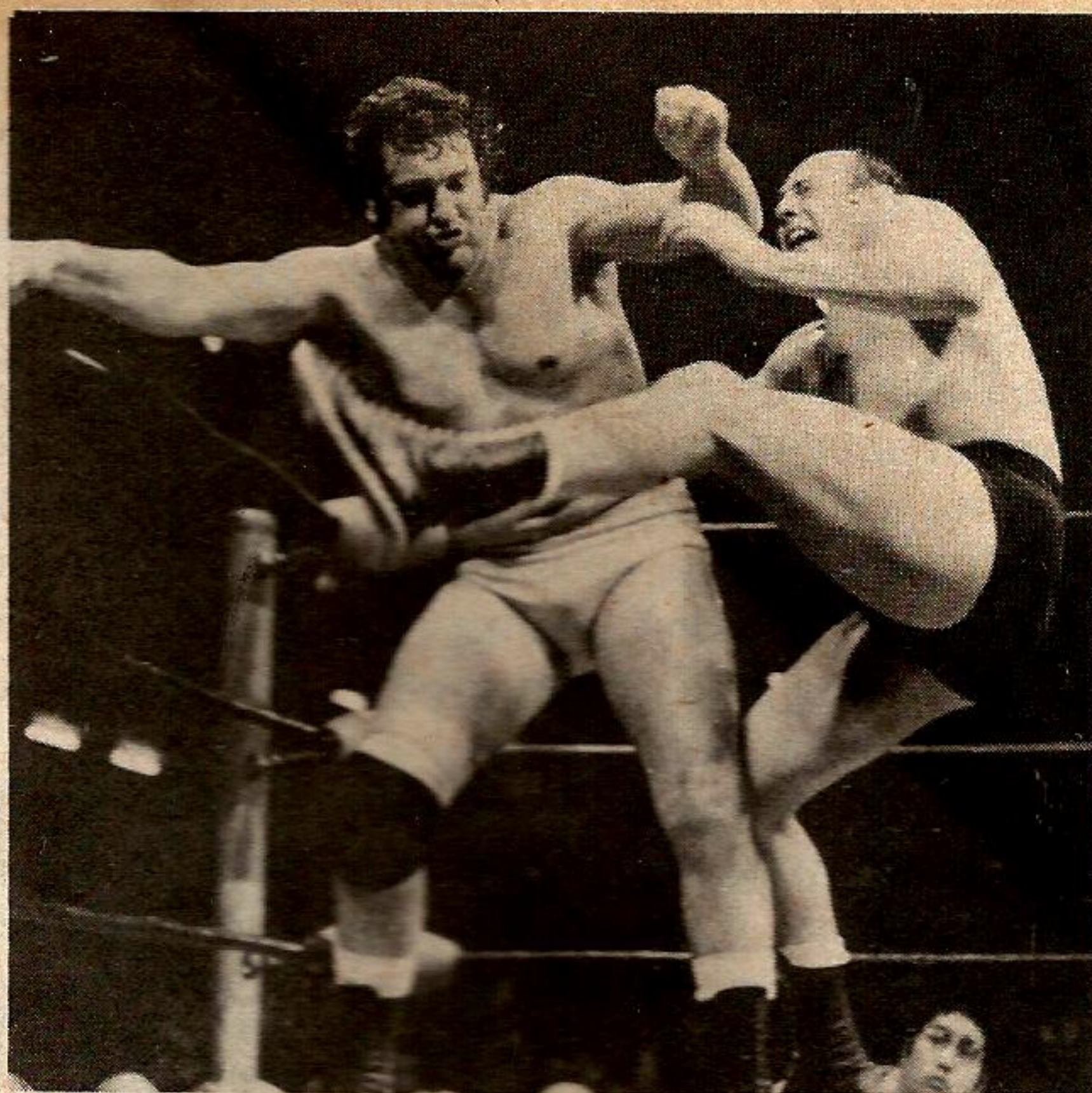
Who did it?

"Either it is Nick Bockwinkle or Bobby Heenan (Bockwinkle's manager). They're afraid that I'll finally whip

Bockwinkle and get him before he's able to get himself disqualified. The coward's route," Billy said harshly.

"But then there's a third person who may be blacklisting me. I know it's going to be tough for wrestling fans to take, but I've heard rumors, substantial rumors, that Verne Gagne is afraid that if I return to the AWA, I'll be put ahead of him in the ranks of contenders. Yup, Verne

Billy's quest for the AWA title took him to Japan to wrestle Verne Gagne. Verne managed to keep the belt.



BLACKLISTED BILLY ROBINSON FROM THE AWA ?

There is no logical reason why the popular Billy Robinson should not be at the top of the AWA rating ladder. However, ugly conspiracies throw logic out the door and lead to the downfall of even the most talented wrestlers

Gagne, Mr. Clean, Mr. Nice Guy. He's a gentleman, but he's got it in for me. That's something I've known for a long time."

At first glance, it would appear that Heenan and Bockwinkle would have to be behind this. This is the type of conspiracy consistent with their vicious personalities. But to instantly draw that conclusion would be to submit to sentimentality. Especially after this comment from a long-time AWA official.

"Gagne is scared to death of Robinson," this official remarked. "There's no hard proof. But it wouldn't surprise me if Verne was behind this. He

has immense influence in the federation. People listened to and respect him. Nuts like Heenan and Bockwinkle, even though Nick's the champ, just couldn't pull off something like this."

Heenan was properly indignant when accused of this blacklist.

"The guy's a has-been. That's why he can't get back in the AWA on a regular basis. Nick doesn't need any crap like that to keep his title. Bockwinkle's defended his belt over 1,000 times. You think he needs something like this? Bull..."

Yet Gagne's reaction was more subdued, though still indignant.

"I wouldn't have anything to do with that. I have always had an impeccable record, both in and out of the ring. For anyone to accuse me of such a despicable act is ludicrous. Whatever problems Robinson is having is of his own making. I had nothing to do with it. And don't bother me with such stupid questions."

Predictably, denials. Yet these denials do not end the blacklisting. Robinson is determined to get back into the AWA and win the belt he has so long pursued.

"I'll be champion yet. They can't stop me. Whoever they are."

Who did it?

□

IT IS THE ultimate irony that Dino Bravo should find himself entrapped by the fulfillment of his dream. For years, he and Dominic DeNucci avidly pursued their dream of holding the WWF tag team title. They knew that eventually they would capture the belt. They knew they would bring honor to the title.

What they didn't realize was the price one paid for glory—the overwhelming sense of responsibility, the daily commitments, the incessant pressures.

Dino Bravo is a man of intense loyalty. The thought of violating his brotherly friendship with Dominic DeNucci is unthinkable to him. The thought of doing disservice to the belt is equally horrible to him. Yet his dream has grown roots which have evolved into webs of both temptation and suffocation. Suddenly, Dino Bravo wonders if it was all worth it.

"I'm sure that all this will come out wrong, but I felt I had to speak frankly about the way I feel," Dino said. "First of all, I want to state unequivocally that I am very pleased to be WWF champion. Whatever I say has nothing to do with that or with my friendship and partnership with Dominic.

"And this has nothing to do with any thoughts I might have of giving up the belt. Neither Dominic nor I would dare do that, for we are certain another rulebreaking team would take the championship and mar it, like Tanaka and Fuji did.

"But I do find myself unable to pursue individual matches. I always found wrestling one-on-one to be stimulating, and now I can't do it. I find that kind of restricting."

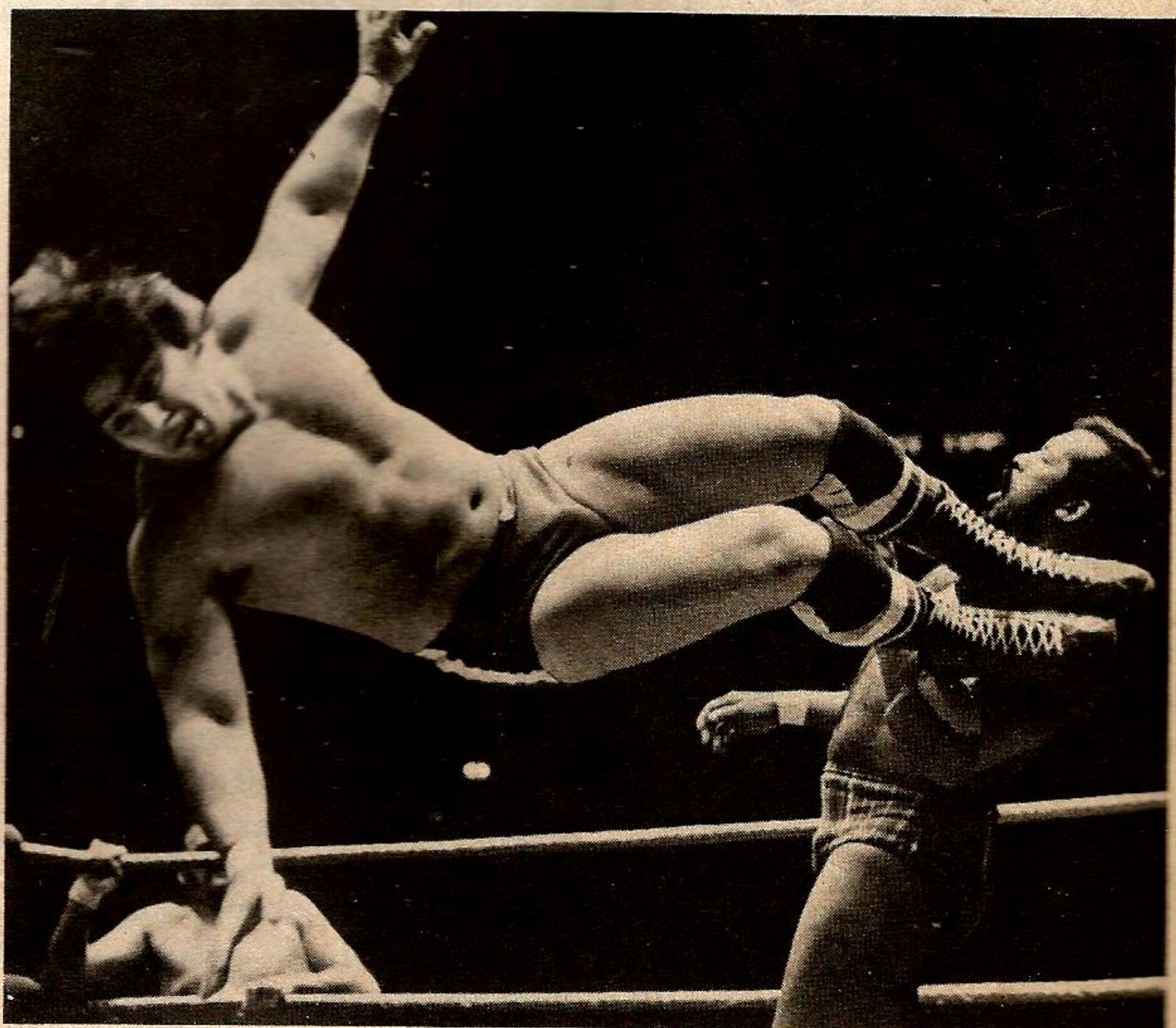
Dino Bravo is absolutely brilliant as he delivers a flying dropkick to the chest of Johnny Rodz.

Dino Bravo is a very honest man. Yet his honesty is tempered by his unwillingness to say anything which might be construed as disloyalty. Thus, when he says he feels restricted, one must look further to see precisely what word describes Dino Bravo's feelings as WWF co-champion.

"Frustrated," said one of Bravo's closest friends. "Dino is

Although he owns one half of the WWF tag team title Dino Bravo is not content. And until he and partner Dominic DeNucci lose the tag team belts, single matches for titles could become a thing of the past for the high-flying Bravo

DINO BRAVO: TRAPPED BY A TITLE THAT CAN DO HIM



PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



Dino Bravo and Dominic DeNucci get ready to do battle. They make sure that each one knows what the other will be doing at all times.

happy with the title, but he realizes that it is limiting his career. He's caught in a trap."

It is testament to Bravo that his wrestling skills seem to have increased since he and DeNucci won the title.

"I think Bravo's at the peak of his game," said one promoter. "The man can be absolutely brilliant. And I do think he is a future individual champion. He knows that. But he'll never leave Dominic. That's not Dino's style."

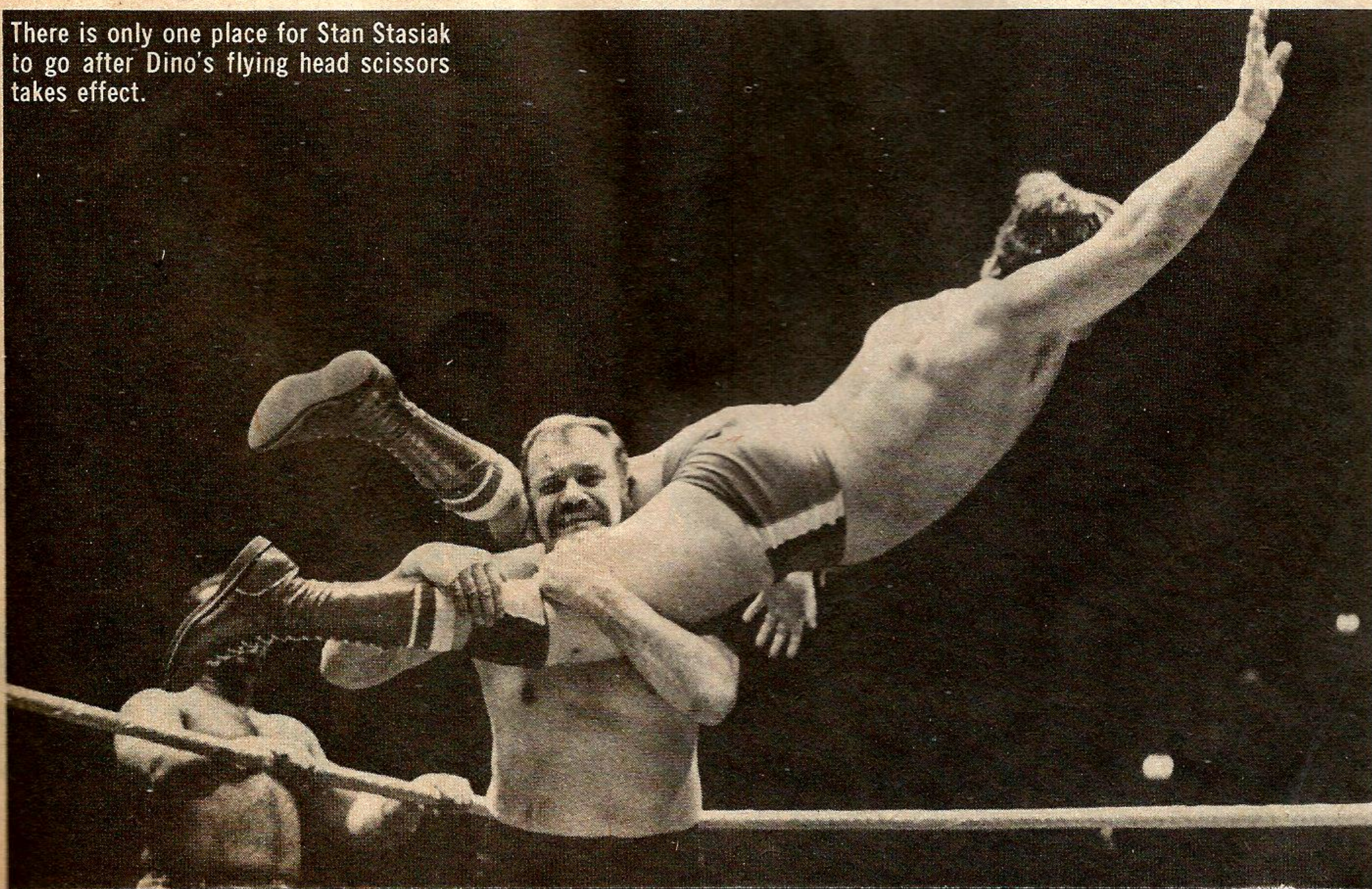
Then what to do?

"I am determined to be the greatest tag team partner wrestling has ever known," Dino said. "I am proud of what Dominic and I have accomplished. There is much, much more we can do as partners."

"As for myself," his voice trailed off. "I will do my very best, always. Perhaps some day things can be worked out so I can wrestle individually. Perhaps some day." □

NO GOOD

There is only one place for Stan Stasiak to go after Dino's flying head scissors takes effect.



A fascinating blonde beauty has everything anyone could ask for in life. However, she could lose it all in one incredible battle with the most ferocious Amazon in apartment wrestling history

THE MAID BURNED the toast again. Belinda finished breakfast and pushed her tray aside. There was still time for another hour's beauty rest before the masseuse was due to arrive. Belinda could never get enough of silk sheet luxury.

For six months, the blonde beauty had been living the great life. Her every whim was indulged by one of the richest men in the world. The

penthouse apartment she called home was in one of New York's most exclusive buildings, overlooking Central Park. Naturally, her benefactor picked up the rent bill, or rather, one of his many companies did. It's not sure how he wrote off Belinda's designer fashions, gourmet meals, and lavish presents. The exquisite woman didn't worry about such things.

Belinda had only one worry.

She was living the life of luxury because of her great skill as an apartment wrestler. Whenever the tycoon saw her conquer an equally beautiful young lady in combat, his every sense pulsed from her savage fury. He could no more resist her magnificence than he could stop breathing. He was captive of her power, and too happy to complain. The electric delight he felt in watching her was worth more

Apartment Wrestling's Biggest Gamble:

THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR BEAUTY WHO D



than anything Belinda could want.

So he decided to make sure this incredible Amazon got what she wanted. Like his stable of race horses, Belinda was given the best care, the best accommodations, and the best service. He rarely spoke to Belinda, and almost never visited the apartment. To him, she was just another animal it gave him pleasure to watch. It didn't interest him to take the relationship into any other areas. All he desired was the knowledge of possession.

That suited Belinda fine. Her benefactor never interfered in her private life; he only made it perfect. Still, there was a sword dangling over the beauty's head. If ever she should fall from favor, if ever she should lose, her riches would be taken away.

Belinda didn't plan to lose. She was having too much fun. A friend dubbed her "The Six-Million-Dollar Woman" and she liked the way it sounded. Even the little things, like the doormen scurrying to get her a cab, delighted the lady. This was the best of all possible worlds, and she planned to keep it that way.

When her masseuse arrived, Belinda was happy as a kitten. That contentment didn't last long.

As the masseuse spread coconut oil over Belinda's lithe body, she informed the warrior, "I hear Pamela is to be your next opponent." The masseuse increased the pressure as Belinda's body tensed. "Now, now, pet," the masseuse continued, "relax. You still have

Blonde beauty Belinda's face is contorted in agony as Pamela digs her talon-like nails into Belinda's face and neck.



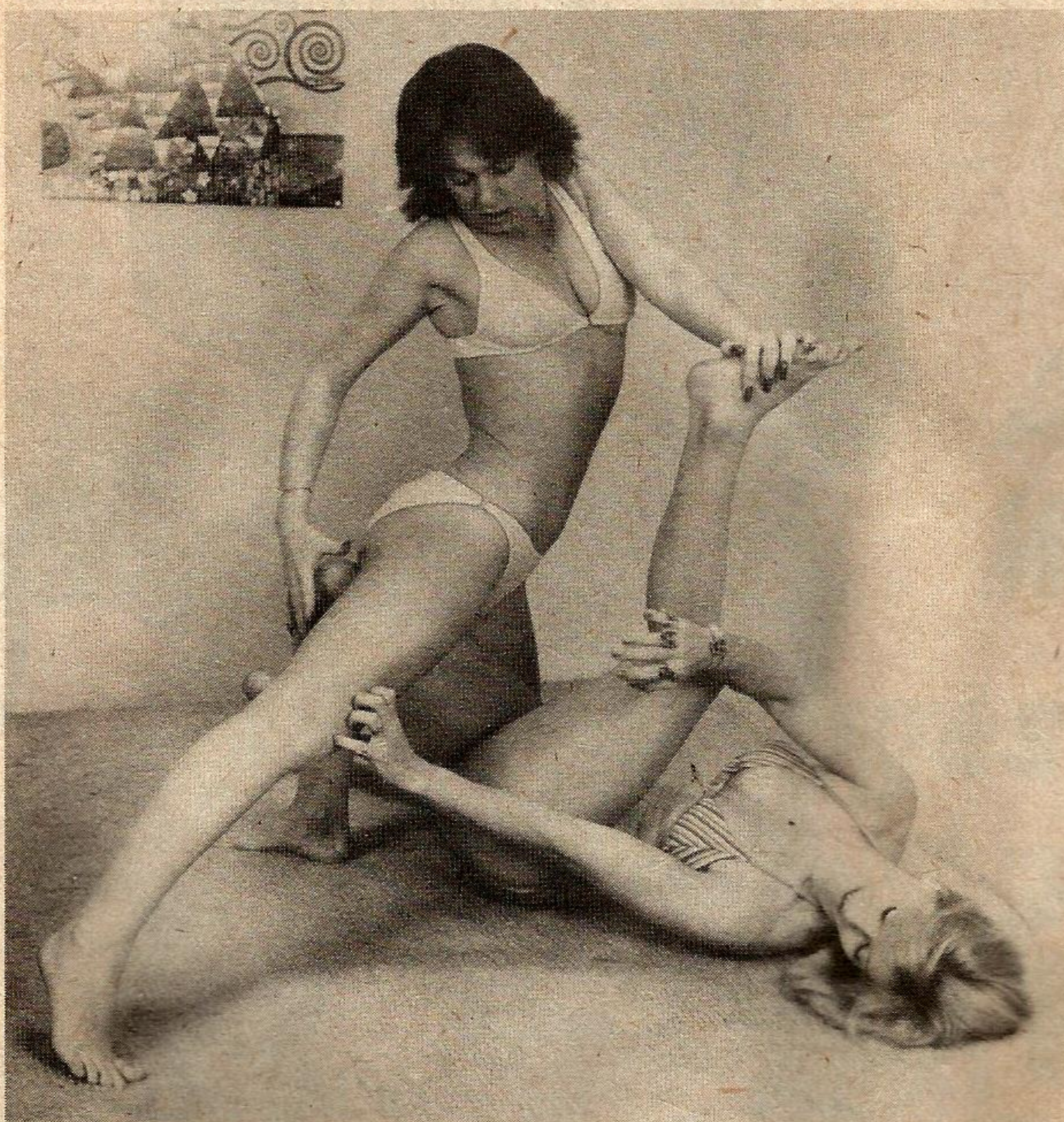
DARE NOT LOSE!

a week before the match. No sense worrying about it now. You're just making my job that much harder." Fingers dug hard into Belinda's flesh, trying to loosen muscles constricting from panic.

The massage was a war between the masseuse's fingers and Belinda's nerves. Visions of her old studio apartment and

much. Pamela proved herself a bully consumed by killer instinct.

Once someone dominates an opponent like Pamela dominated Belinda, the smart money says the winner will always conquer. Something in the loser's head, a memory of the pain perhaps, makes her scared, clumsy and helpless. By all rights, Pamela would have no trouble



Belinda's legs are spread so far apart she must feel the voluptuous limbs are about to snap.

hotplate dinners swarmed through Belinda's brain. The scuffling for rent money, the lousy job at Bloomingdale's; her nightmare past could become her future. Pamela was back.

A year ago, Belinda had been devastated by Pamela. It was a cruel exhibition of grappling dominance. The battle left its sour aftermath in the pit of the spectators' bellies; it went on too long and Belinda suffered too

mauling Belinda once again.

Yet, Belinda knew what would happen if her protector's favor transferred to Pamela. She couldn't afford to lose. There was a week to prepare. Not a moment would be wasted.

While Belinda trained with monastic intensity, Pamela renewed her acquaintances in New York City. When she left the city eight months ago, she'd been the toast of the jet set, the wealthy, and a select group of the more successful artists. From Sutton Place to Soho, her arrival was greeted with celebration.



As Pamela applies pressure to a toehold, Belinda prepares to bite her beautiful brunette opponent's leg.

When people told her of Belinda's good fortune, Pamela's face took on the expression of a hungry shark. By this time next week, she assured her companions, Belinda's good fortune would be Pamela's own.

There were plenty of people eager to tell Belinda of Pamela's threats. The blonde heard the news time and time again. Each time she laughed; a horrible, choking laugh that stuck in her craw and chilled the listener. Some said she trembled, others didn't notice. Her maid claimed to have heard Belinda scream in the night, victimized by nightmares, but the two women never got along.

The night of the match, most of New York's wealthy filled the penthouse of Belinda's benefactor. This was the fitting arena for such a brawl. It was no accident that the patron seated himself in the huge *Louis Quatorze* armchair; this modern Sun King was ready to preside



the bedrooms. Each was dazzling. However, Pamela moved with the confidence of a conqueror. Belinda looked more like a cornered animal ready to fight for its life. In fact, that description pretty well described Belinda's situation. As for the tycoon, he looked like the emperor impatient for the festivities to start.

The signal was given. Pamela slowly approached Belinda as the blonde stood her ground. Then, with lightning swiftness,

Pamela's arm slashed through the air and the back of her hand smacked against Belinda's temple. The blonde sprawled on the carpet. The crowd was pleased. It would be a slaughter.

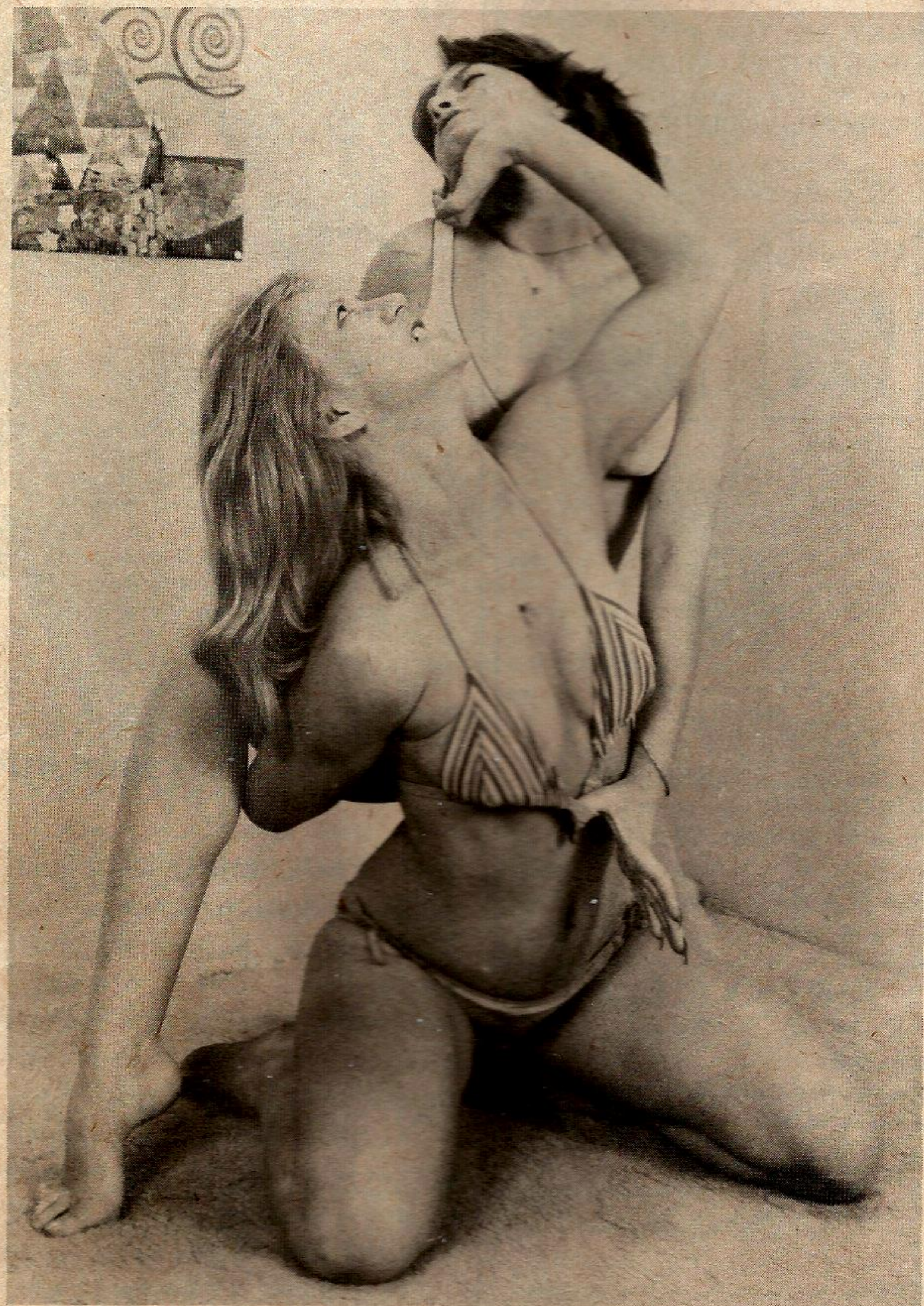
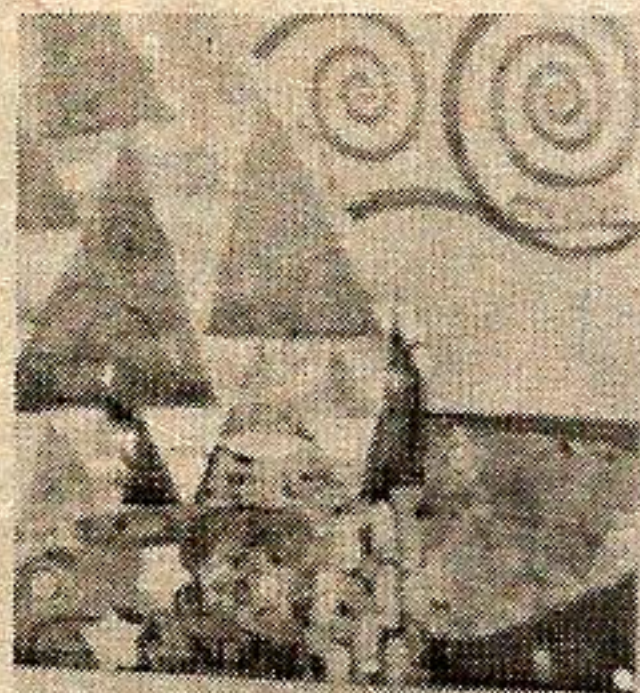
Belinda had other ideas. With ferocious grace, she sent her feet smashing into Pamela's belly. Belinda's body was a missile of torment; Pamela doubled over from its power. Belinda sprang to her feet and leaped on the pained brunette.

(Continued on page 58)

over his realm. The more sensitive apartment wrestling spectators didn't show this night; they didn't want to see a repetition of the last match. Also, it takes a certain ghoulish sensibility to witness Belinda's anguish if she lost. It was a cruel crowd this night, men used to seeing inferiors squirm. Belinda could sense this as she walked quickly to the bedroom.

Pamela too could sense the bloodlust of the crowd, and it delighted her. She was one of them, use to savoring victory over the fallen foe. These were her people, and she was determined to please them. The lioness had come to reclaim her domain. There was only a hint of her powerful grace as she strode to another dressing room. When the dress came off and her magnificent body clothed only in a bikini, then her jungle majesty would be revealed. As far as Pamela was concerned, her victory was only minutes away. The enjoyment of her previous massacre flooded her senses.

Soon, all was in readiness. The women were summoned from



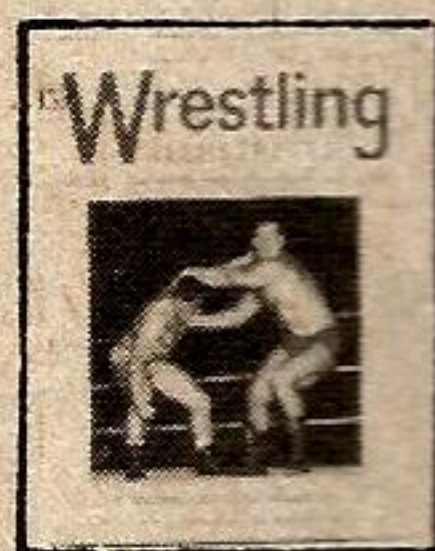
With a passionate fury borne of fear, Belinda delivers a painful chop to the brunette's neck. Many in attendance thought they heard a loud "snap" at this point, signaling a broken neck for beautiful Pamela.

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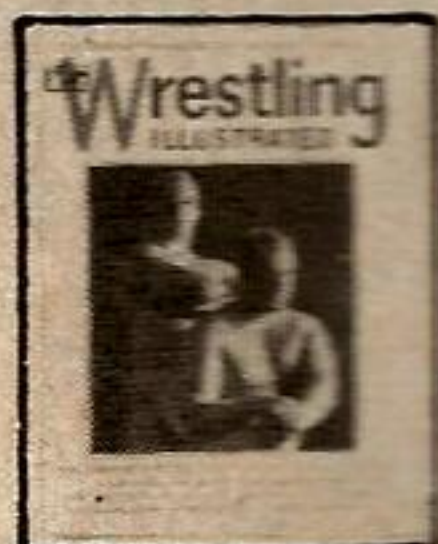
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THE TATTLER

(Continued from Page 10)



NICK BOCKWINKLE

ST. PAUL, MINN.—All hail King Nick I, emperor of the AWA. Nick Bockwinkle has been conducting himself recently more like a foreign dictator than a wrestling champion. Guarded closely by manager Bobby Heenan, Bockwinkle has refused to talk to any members of the press over the last month.

"Nick thinks it's below him to talk to you riff-raff," manager Heenan told me. "Remember, Mr. Bockwinkle has been champion for over 1,000 days

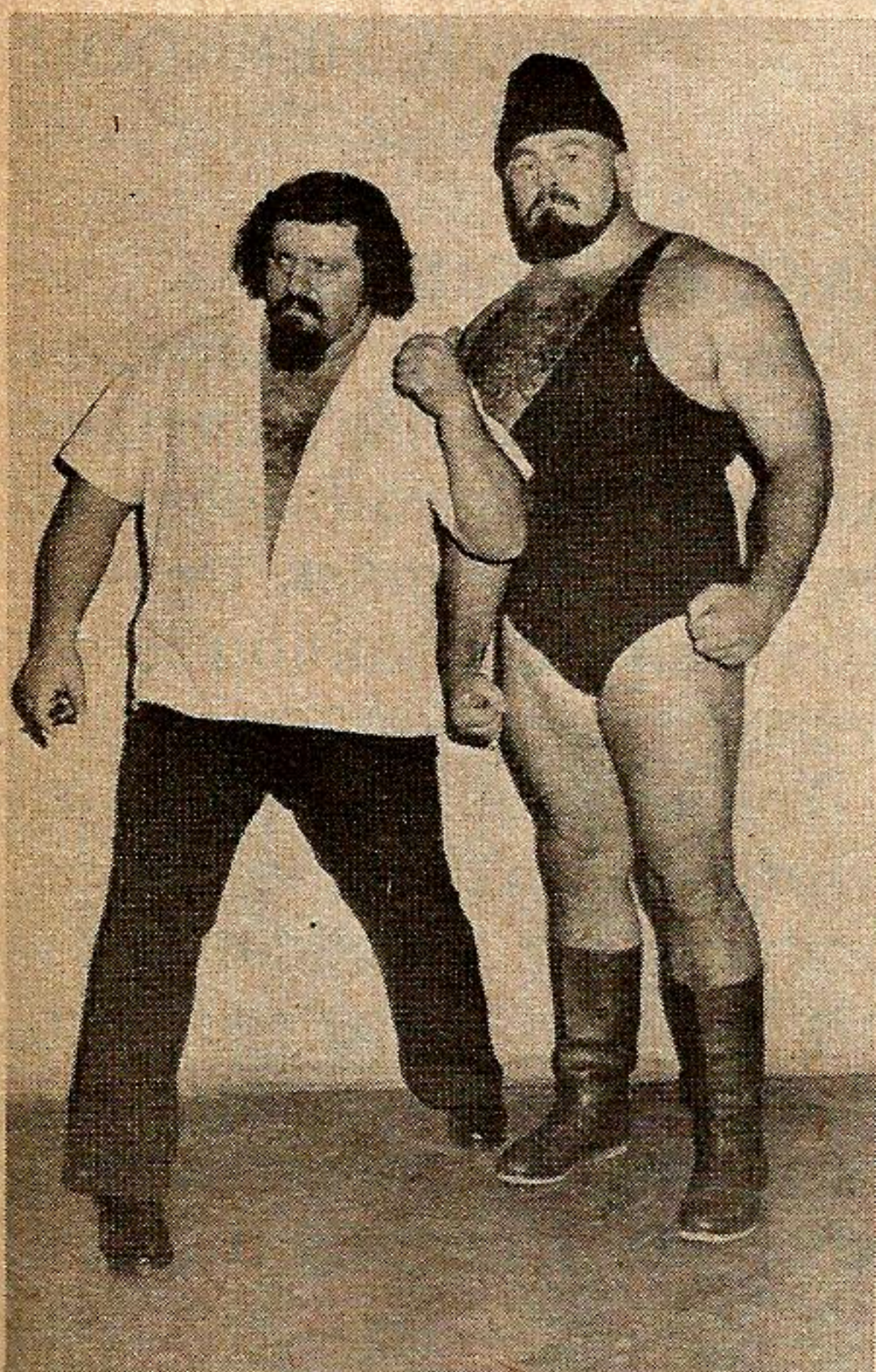
now. He has held his belt longer than any other of the current—you should excuse the expression—champions. Why should a man as great as Nick Bockwinkle speak to anyone as low as a common reporter?"

Why? I'll tell you why, Heenan. Because Nick Bockwinkle will not always be champion. And if he doesn't talk to us now, when he loses his belt, maybe we won't feel like talking to him.

—Charles F. Amberson

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Many people feel that Captain Louis Albano has sounded the death knell of Bob Backlund's WWWF championship reign. Albano has signed former champion Ivan Koloff to a remarkable six figure contract, larger than any contract Albano has ever awarded any wrestler.

At a press conference at the posh Hotel Levy, Captain Lou showed us his newest challenger for Backlund's title.



ALBANO AND KOLOFF

"Take a look, take a look!" Albano screamed, pointing to Koloff. "My champion is in perfect physical condition. He is trained and ready. If Backlund turns back Ivan Koloff, I, your humble Captain, will personally retire from the public eye and move to Iowa."

Unfortunately, Albano may be right. Koloff definitely is the toughest challenge ever for Backlund. Can Bob defeat Koloff? We'll see soon enough.

—Allison Corey □

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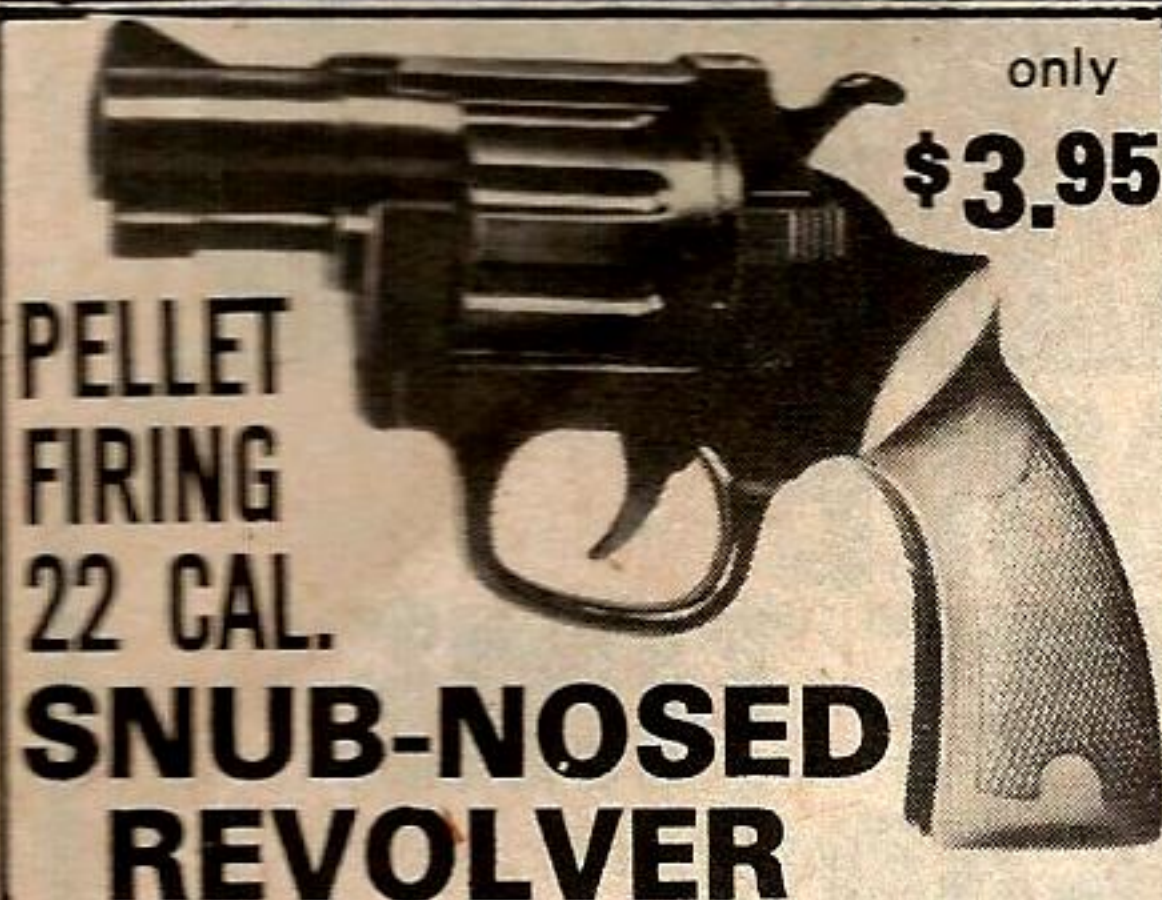
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MAILBAG

(Continued from Page 18)

he has willing opponents, he'll continue to practice his own ugly form of rule-breaking. I hope someone listens to this advice.

KRISSY DECKER
Richmond, Va.

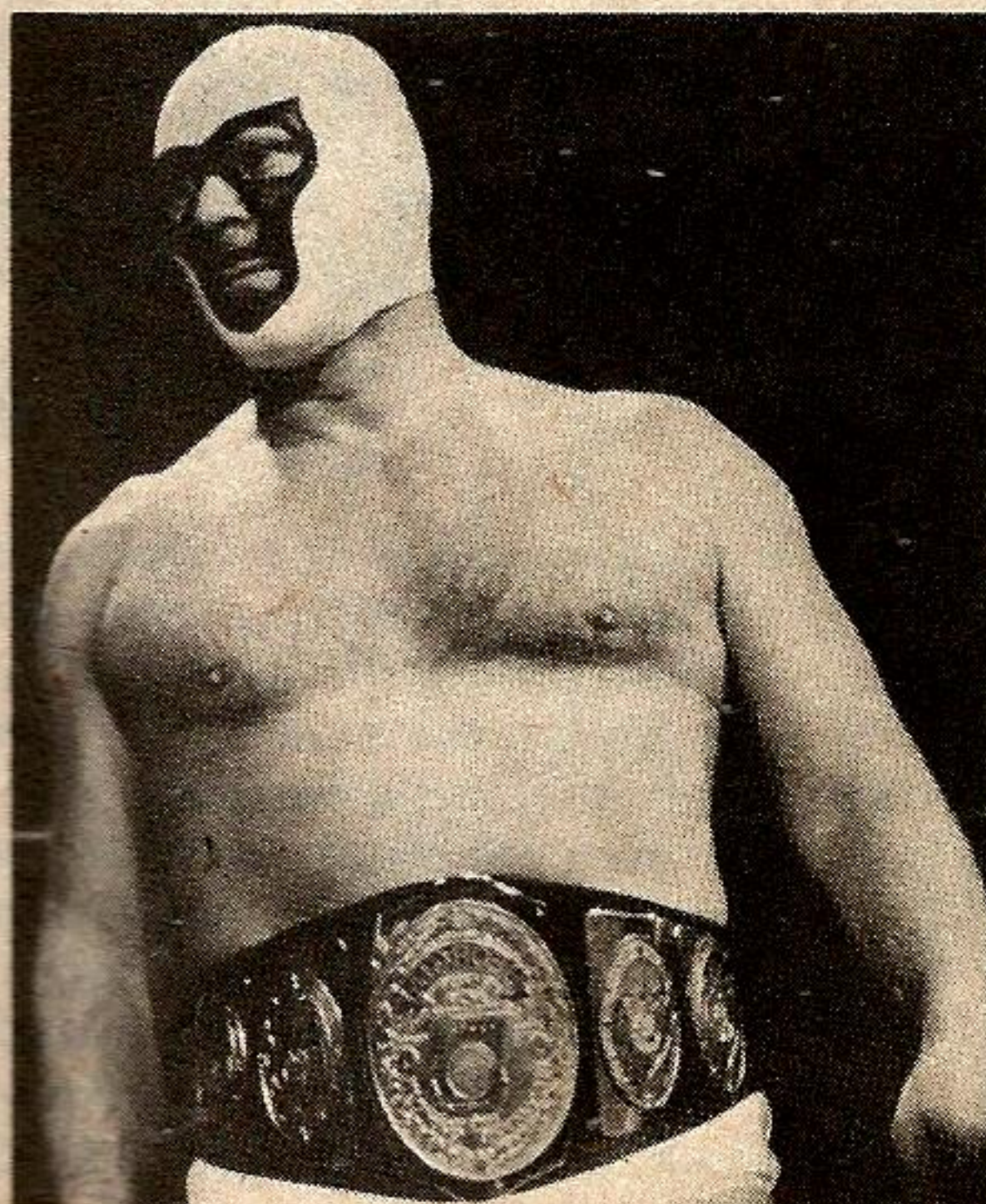
I DISAGREE

I don't think Mr. Wrestling II should listen when the fans demand, "Mr. Wrestling II Must Unmask Now" (Sept. 1978). He's done really well

just the way he is. I don't think he should take any chances and risk some insane rulebreaker recognizing him in a bar and trying to beat him up.

Why can't the fans just leave him alone and let him wrestle with the mask. I don't understand fans sometimes, and I'm as big a wrestling fan as anyone.

GENE HERNDON
Atlanta, Ga.

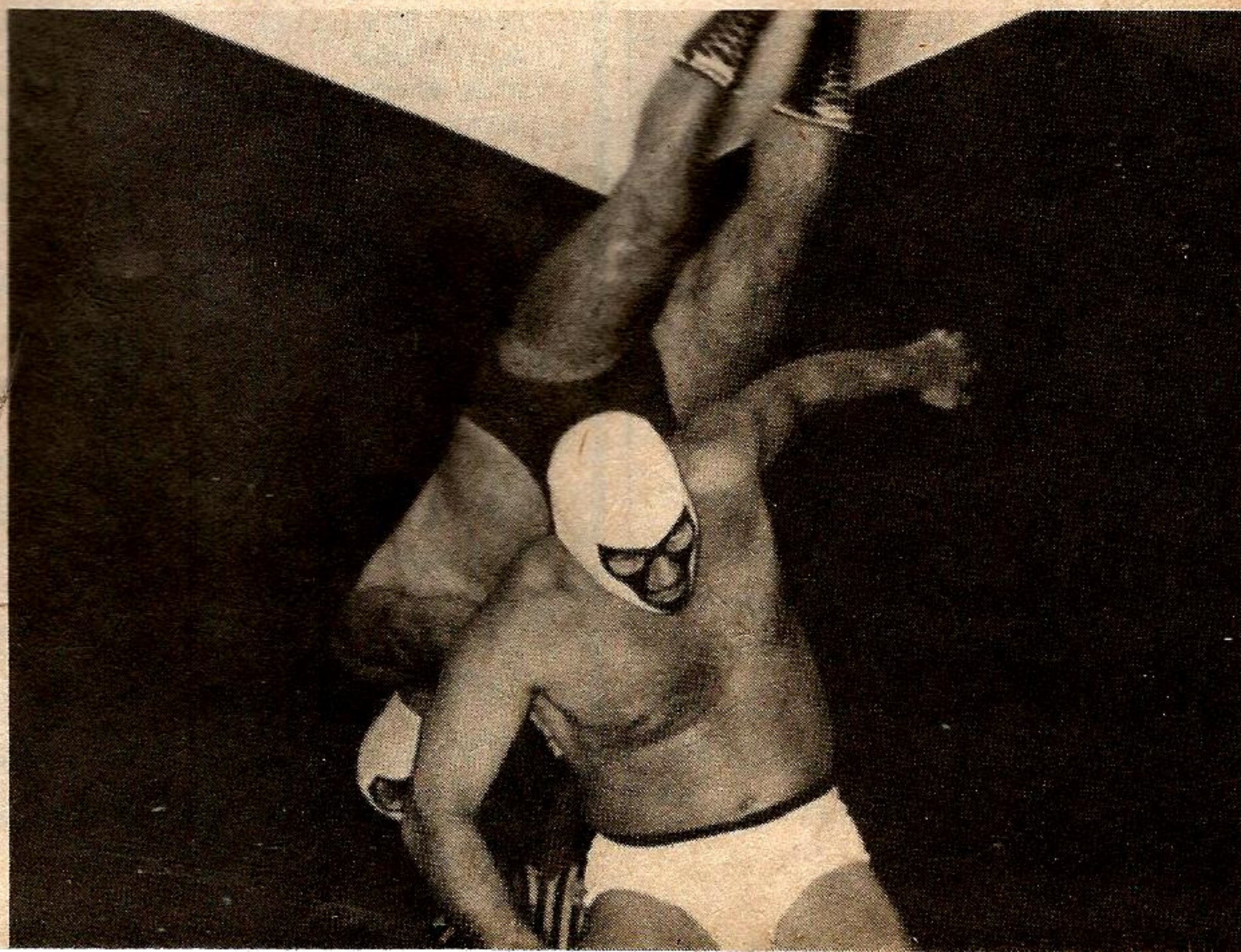


TAKE IT OFF, BABY

Mr. Wrestling II doesn't need his mask. He's the best wrestler in the world whether he wears his mask or not. The mask has nothing to do with it.

The sort of men he must wrestle aren't going to be bothered or intimidated by his masks. They're such sickies that they just don't care. What will bother them is when Mr. Wrestling II twists

Readers were split among whether or not Mr. Wrestling II (above and below) should unmask. All agreed they will continue to love and support the masked man whatever choice he makes.



their ears off. That they understand. And he can do it whether he's wearing a mask or not.

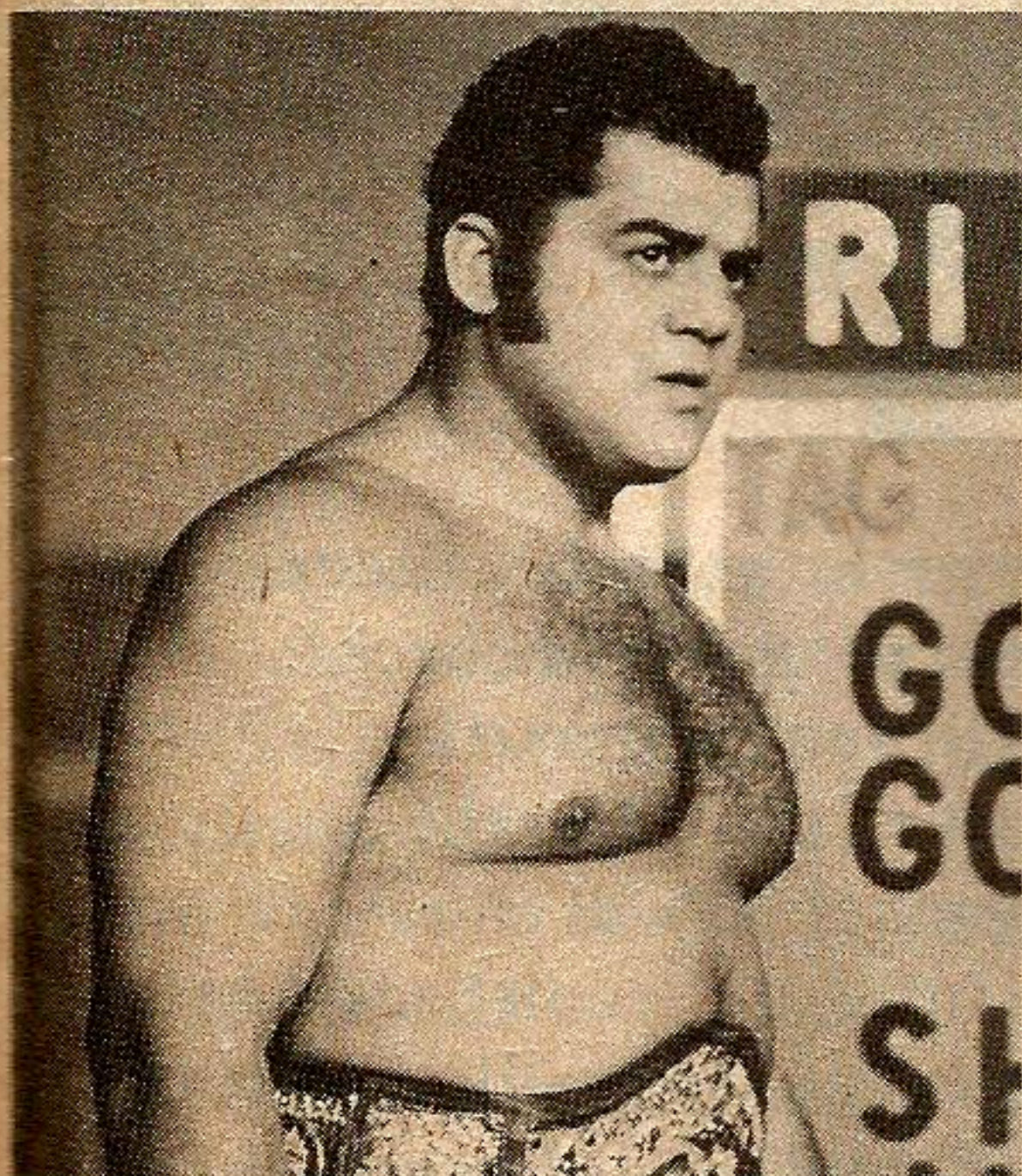
Of course, in the end, it is his decision and fans really have no right to demand anything. But we all have enough confidence in you, Mr. Wrestling II. You're the greatest with or without a mask, and we'll still be your fans no matter what you decide.

HOWARD LEMONS
Athens, Ga.

LOUSY INGRATE

I'd like to relate a little story in explaining why I understand "Why Pedro Morales Is Afraid To Beat Dick Slater" (Sept. 1978).

I am something of an amateur boxer and I showed



Many fans wrote to us to tell Pedro Morales they understand what Dick Slater has done to him.

a former friend of mine how to box. He became quite good. Then one day we were supposed to just spar for a charity exhibition. He went completely berserk and tried to beat me up. I just couldn't hurt him. So, Pedro, I know what you're going through.

ARTHUR HOERNER
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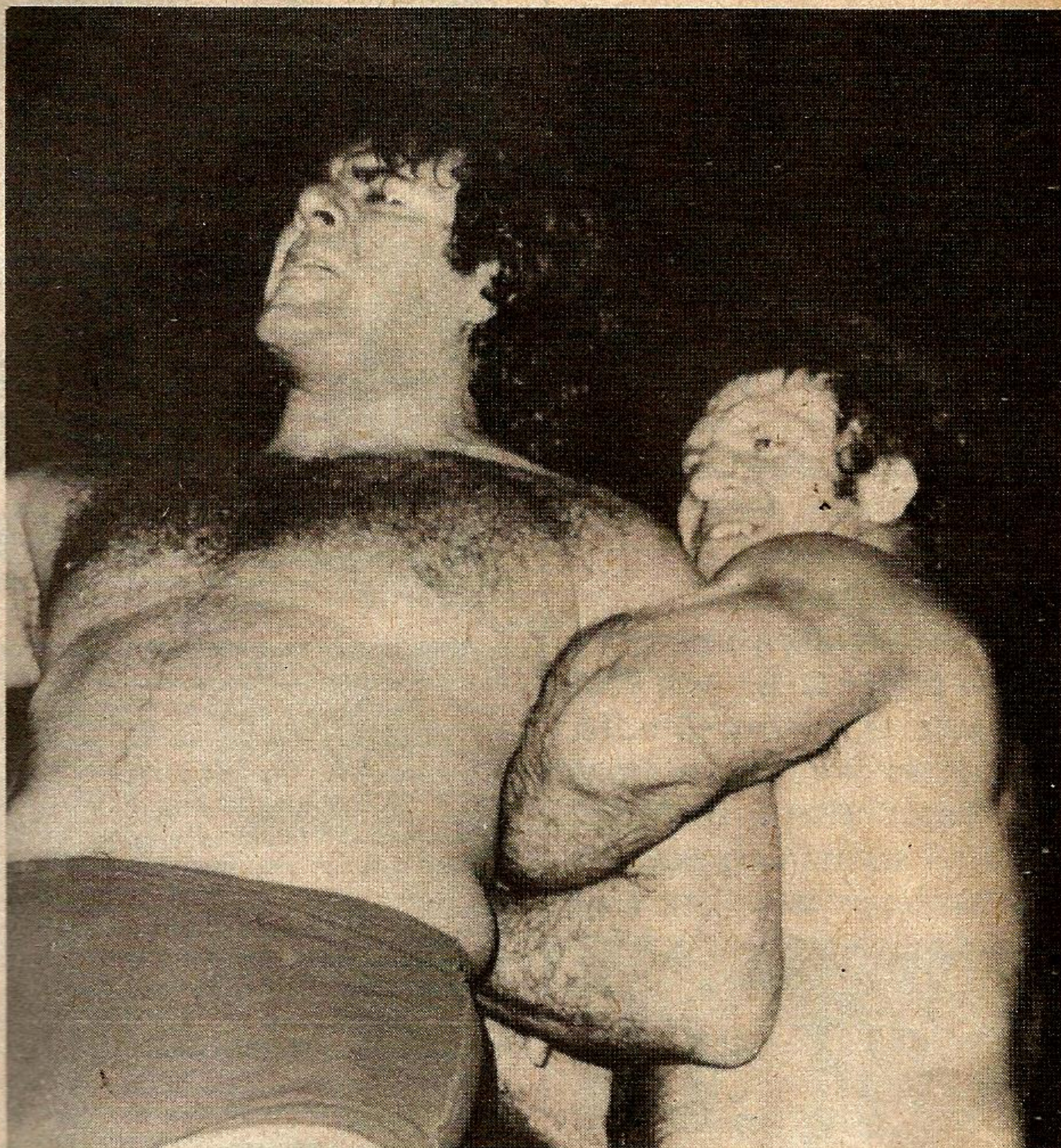
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WRESTLER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 20)



The majesty that is Bruno Sammartino shows Spiros Arion what scientific wrestling means (above and below).



worthwhile to me," Bruno told us later.

Making a comeback might very well be the most difficult chore in sports. It is difficult to attempt to re-climb the ladder, to regain the polished skills, harness the needed stamina, maintain the unflagging dedication. Only the most

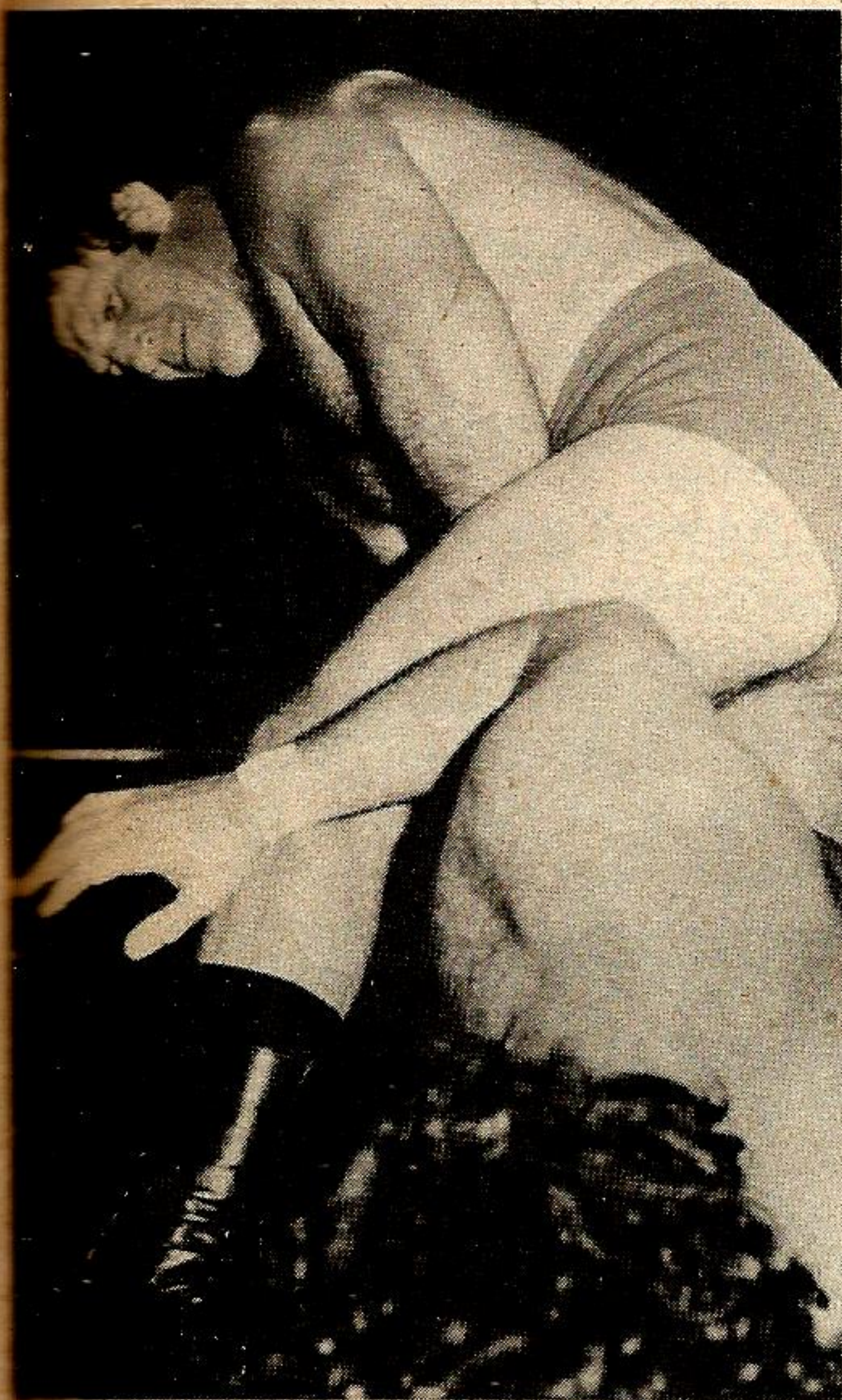
superb athlete successfully completes a comeback.

Bruno Sammartino is just the sort of man. But the question is whether he will choose to make a full-scale comeback. At this moment, he is still undecided.

"I still do not know what my plans are," Bruno said. "I think I am leaning to coming back to professional wrestling on a full-time basis.

"But I am still not certain. I am sure that I will be accepting a lot more matches now. I am certain I will train as I never have before. I am certain I will not let my fans down."

Bruno realizes the path is mined with potential difficulties. There are innumerable wrestlers resentful of Bruno



Sammartino applies pressure to a standing leglock as Arion crumples in excruciating pain.

Sammartino and eager to carve their niche into wrestling history by beating Bruno, as Superstar Graham did.

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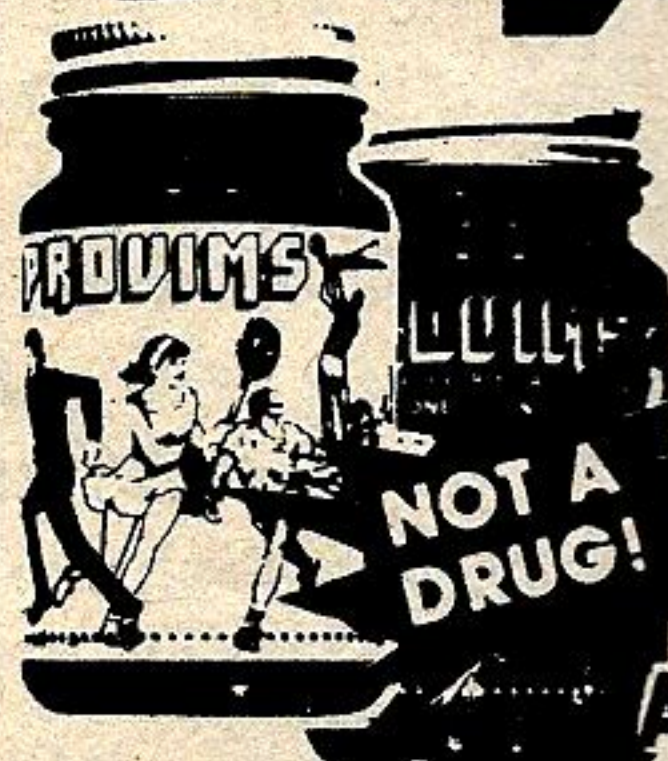
Still, for a few moments he recaptured the glory of the past, brought it into the present, glossed the future with its exciting possibilities.

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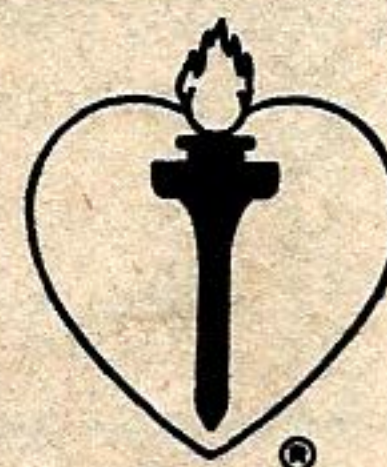
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**BEN
STRONG**

BOBBY DUNCUM

(Continued from Page 23)

careful about whom we teach it to. We just don't accept anyone. So if a wrestler goes around showing this move to people who won't use it properly, who'll use it to maim people, it reflects badly on us."

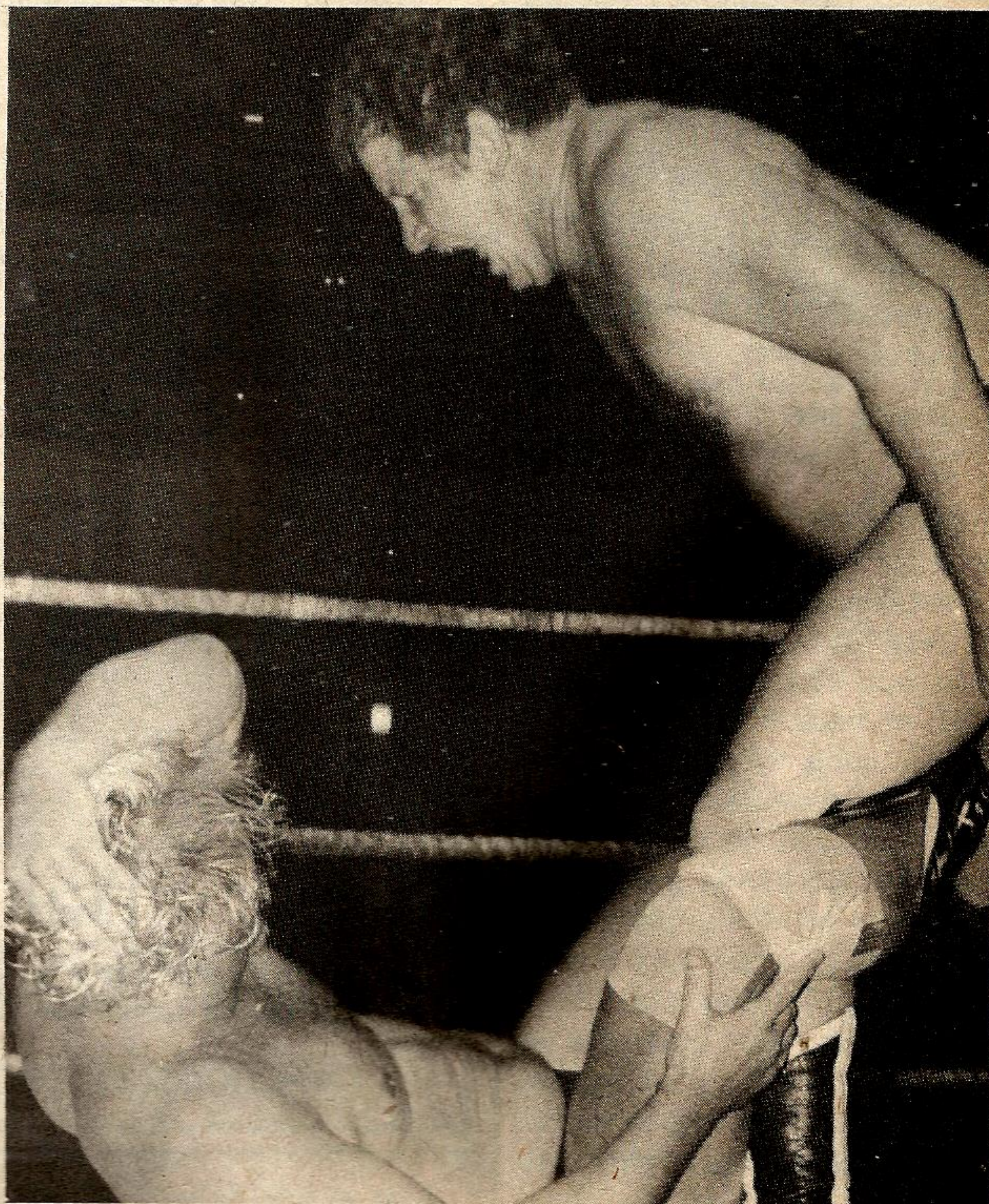
That is precisely what Bobby Duncum has been doing. He has, without any conscience or responsibility, been showing this move to the most dreaded rulebreakers, Dick Stater in particular.

"Duncum has probably been pulling people over on the parkway

and showing them the move," Dory stated, a grim joke about a serious problem.

This is a violation of the Funk family's high moral principles. They will tolerate the worst of ring excesses, but don't misuse their teachings.

"We won't stand for this," Dory Jr. declared heatedly. "We might overlook anything else, but something like this, something which is just so damn nasty and treacherous, a violation of a trust, no sir, we won't take this."

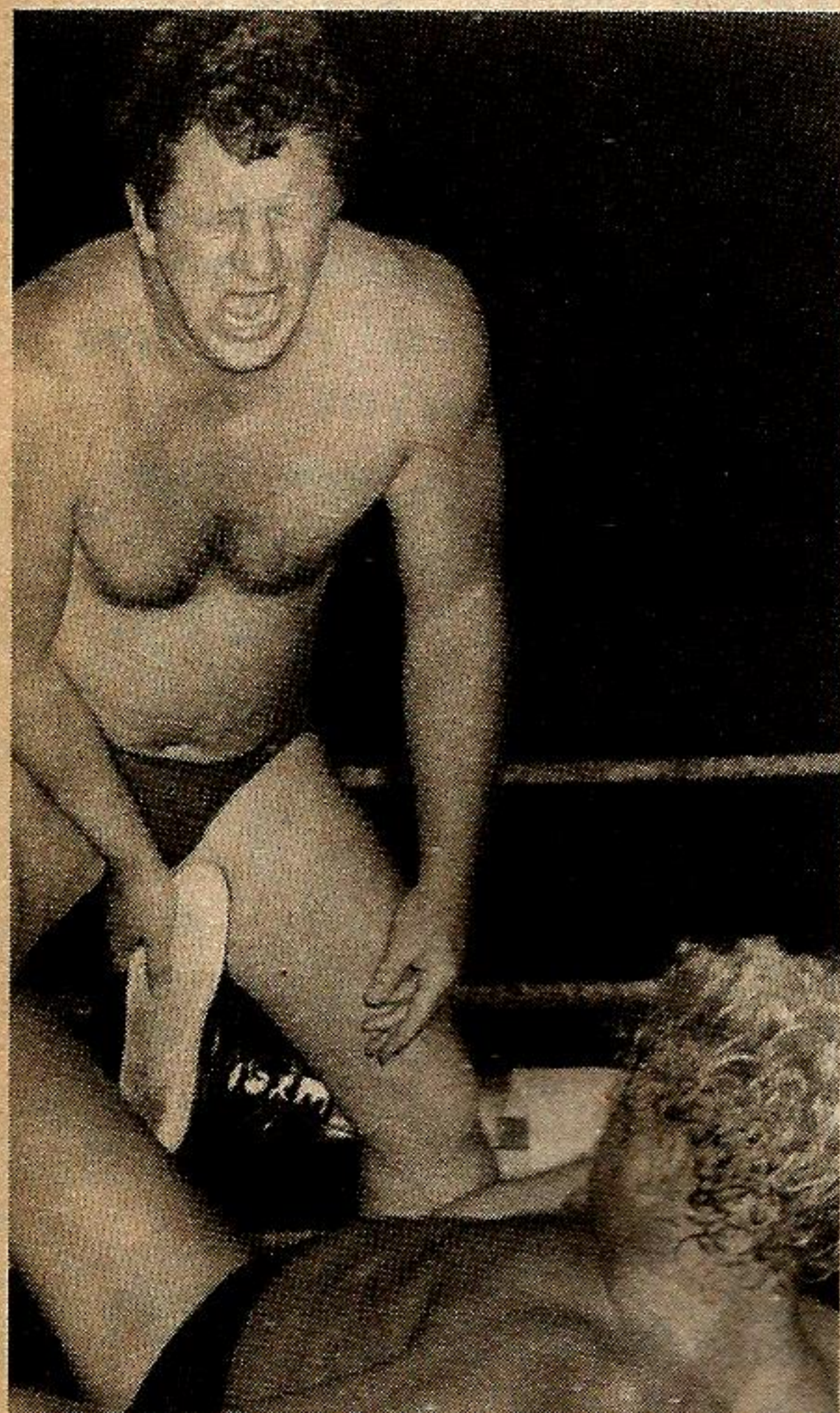


Terry demonstrates what he is capable of doing when he gets angry at an opponent. What can we expect when he gets really angry?

Duncum seems entirely unperturbed by these volcanic vilifications. If anything, he expresses unswerving innocence.

"I never signed any stupid contract. What are they talking about? The real reason they're so riled is they see that someone other than the noble and great Funk family," his voice dripped with sarcasm, "can use the spinning toe-hold. And better than they ever did!

"It's not right to keep a move like this secret or have stipulations,



Terry has his man just where he wants him. He has perfected this move better than any other wrestler.

only to the scientific wrestlers. Who are they to determine who can use this hold. Everyone should be able to use it. If you can't handle it, then too bad. But if you can, then whip anyone you can get a hold of."

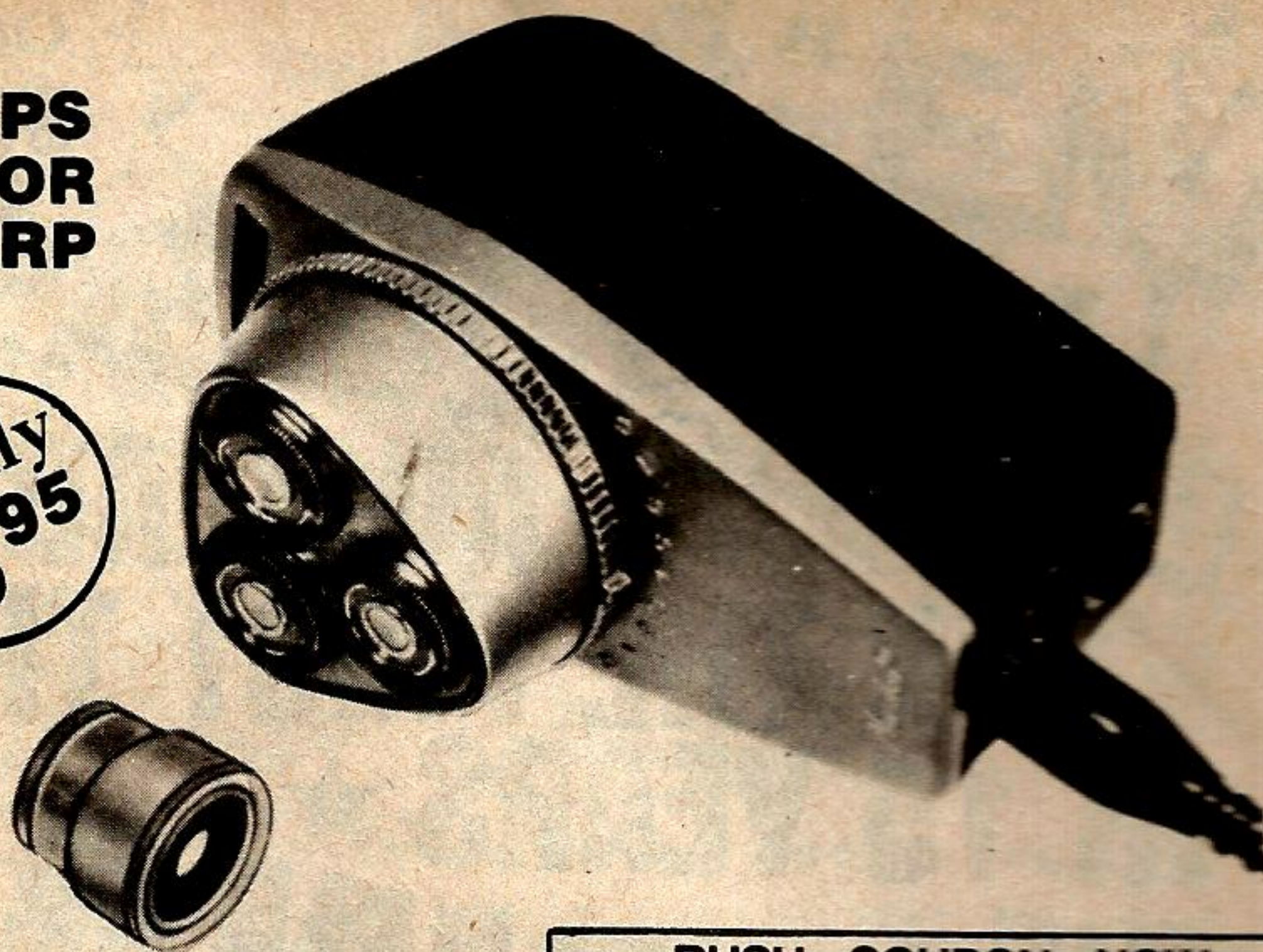
Duncum appears to have an interesting point. Is it really fair for one family to have a perpetual patent over a move? The Funks think so. And they're willing to prove it with blood.

"Duncum will never walk again. By the end of this year," Terry said, "we'll make him a cripple!" □

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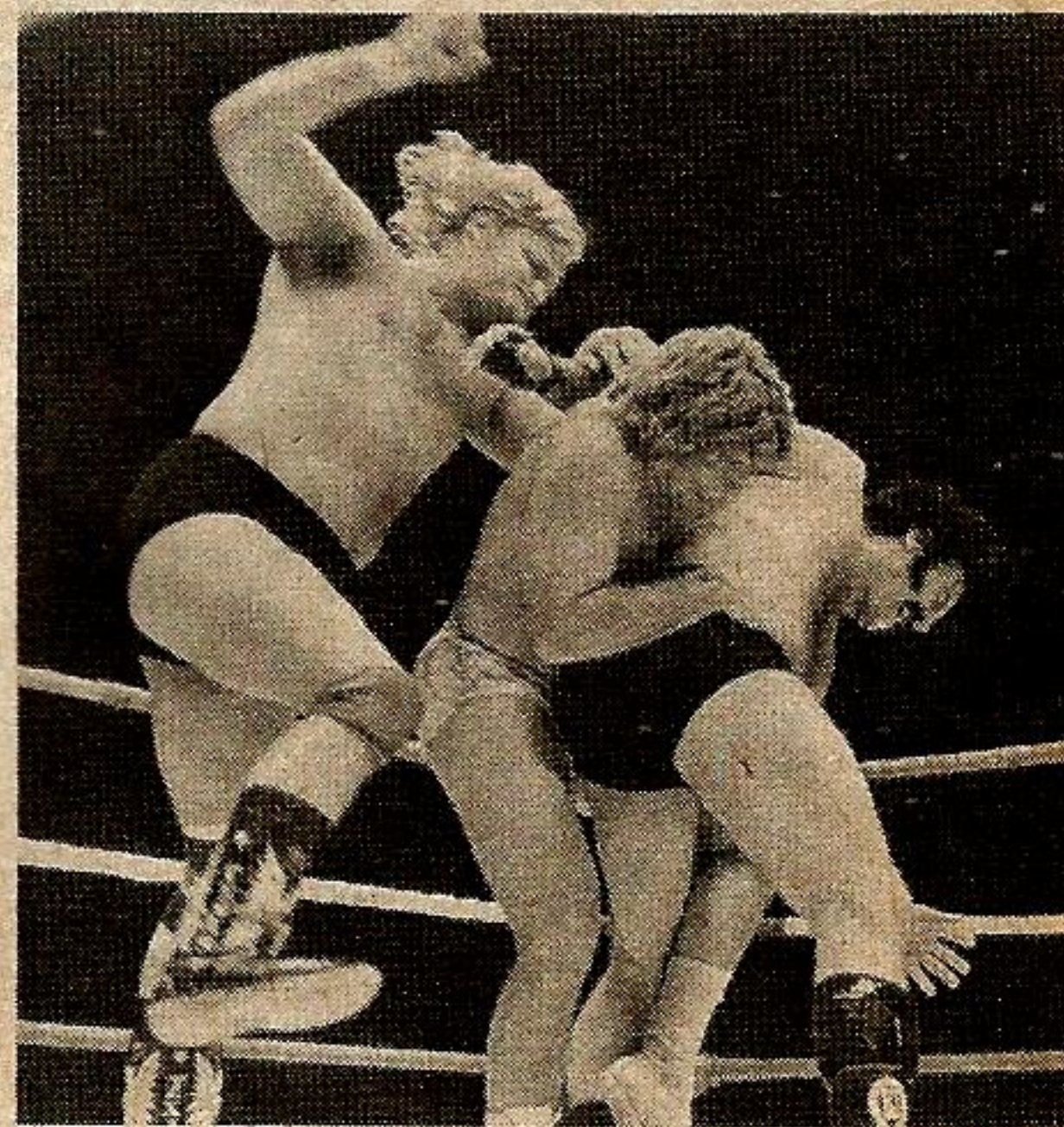
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WE ACCUSE

(Continued from Page 12)

\$200 would be a fair amount to fine these men. When you think of how many times they would be fined, you would have to assume that they either stop their unlawful ways or just go broke. In a day and age such as the present, \$200 is something that cannot be afforded by anyone, even wrestlers.

The commissions have acted before and we are sure that they can act again. Wrestling didn't always have the law of disqualification. That was thought up by the commissions when they felt something had to be done to stop the rulebreakers.

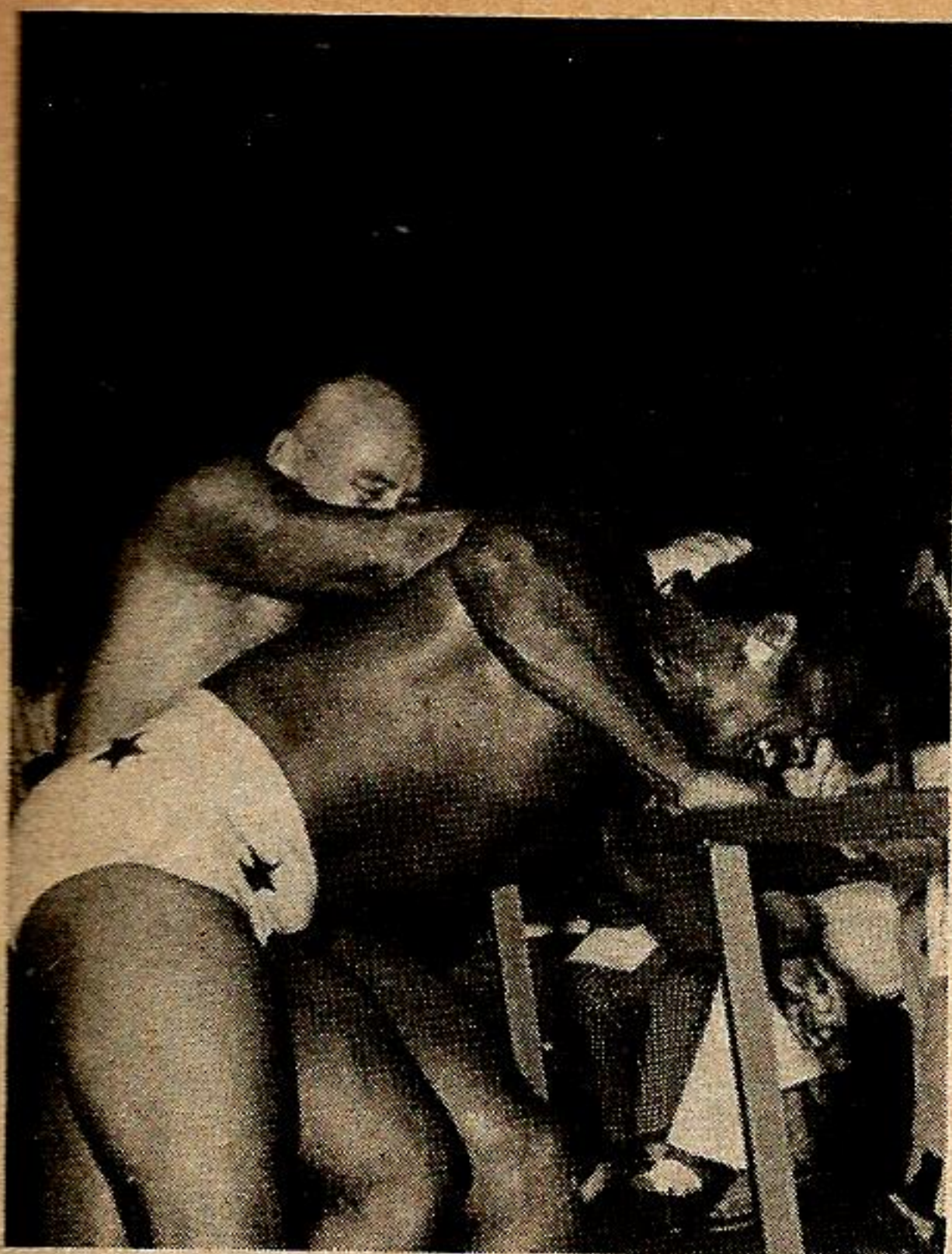


This is often the scene in tag team bouts. Here, Duncum rescues his partner from a submission hold. Still not legal.

The only problem with that was that after awhile it didn't mean much for a wrestler to get himself disqualified. If it gave him satisfaction, then he just went right ahead and did what he had to do and then got disqualified.

Usually the following week he was right back to his brutal tactics. In some cases he would revert to his vicious tactics in a matter of hours.

Along with a large fine, it wouldn't be such a bad idea if the rulebreakers were placed on probation. That would have to make some kind of impact on them. If they can't wrestle, they



Ivan Koloff sees nothing wrong with smashing Rocky Johnson's face into this steel railing. Legal? Hardly.

don't make money. If they are fined, they lose money. Together, both of these penalties can only help to stop criminal rulebreaking.

So what are the commissions waiting for? Are they scared they will lose some of their wrestlers? Are they scared of a walkout?

Maybe this is the answer to a long overdue problem. Can the wrestling community do without the rulebreakers? We think so.

It would seem very doubtful that such a thing would happen. In the history of wrestling, there has never been a strike or even a walkout. We're sure there wouldn't be one now. We can see only a great outcome from this act. Sure, it would probably take some time before the wrestlers really believe it, but once they see it happening a few times, they would start to believe. They would be forced to follow the rules of the sport.

So, wrestling commissions, do you dare take our advice and start to take some action against these vicious rulebreakers? Do you dare carry out those threats and make it a reality? They would understand what you mean soon enough, it would just take some time. Your time is up.

Act now! ☐

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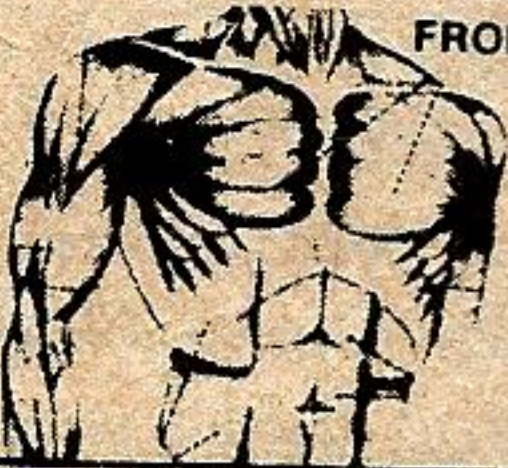
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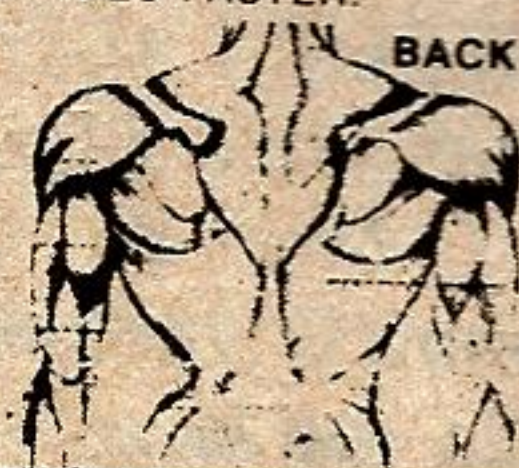
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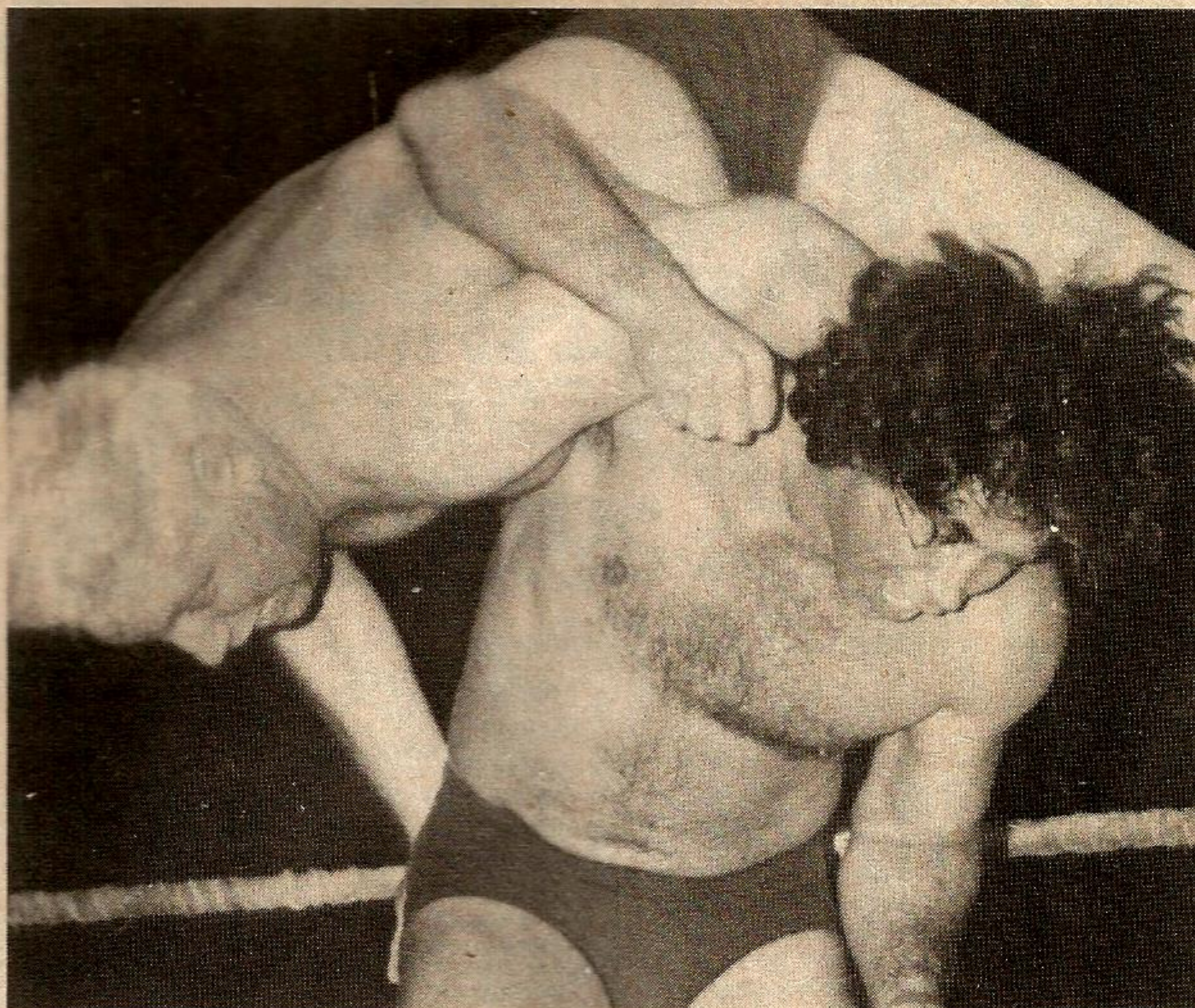
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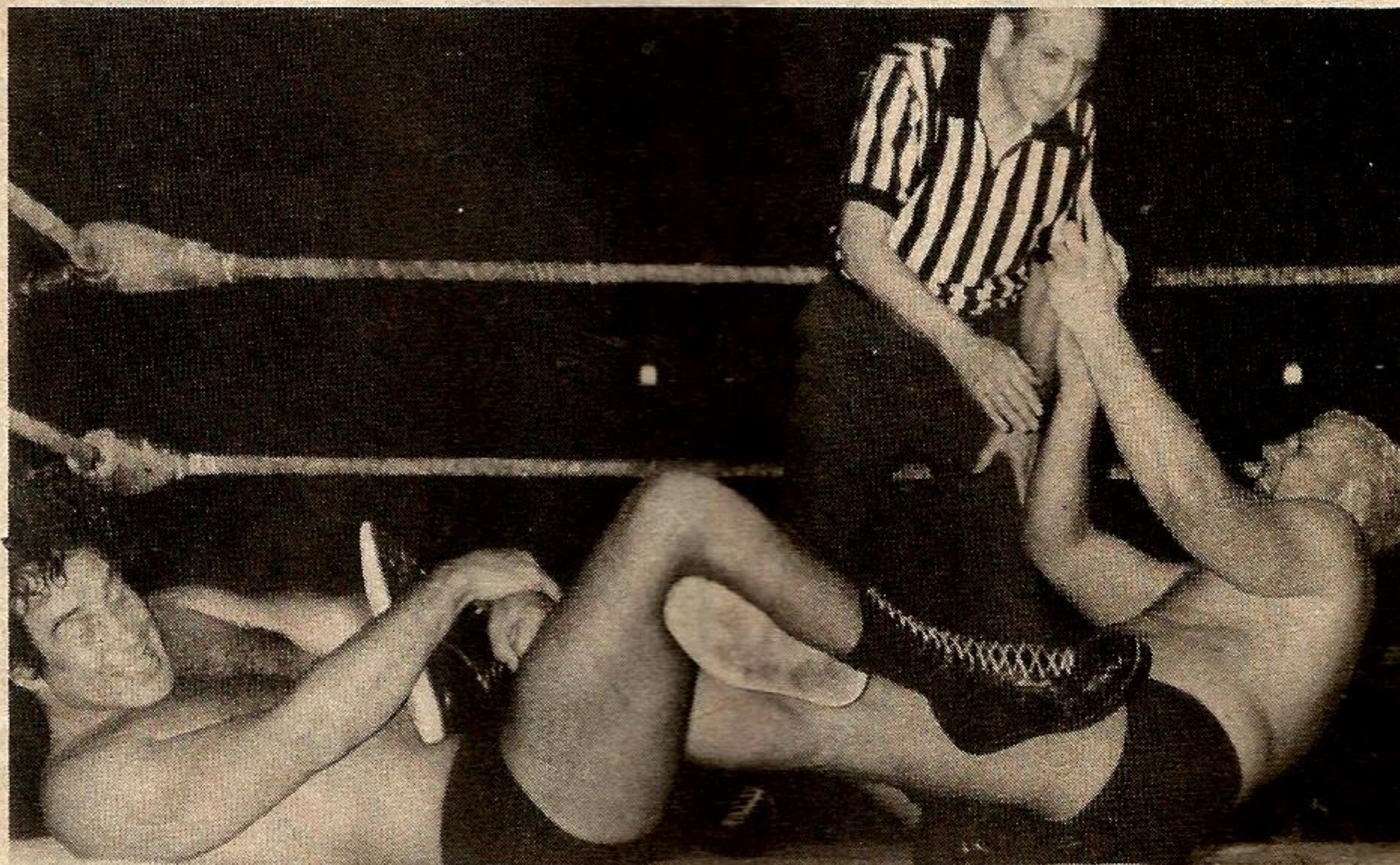
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DICK MURDOCH

(Continued from Page 33)



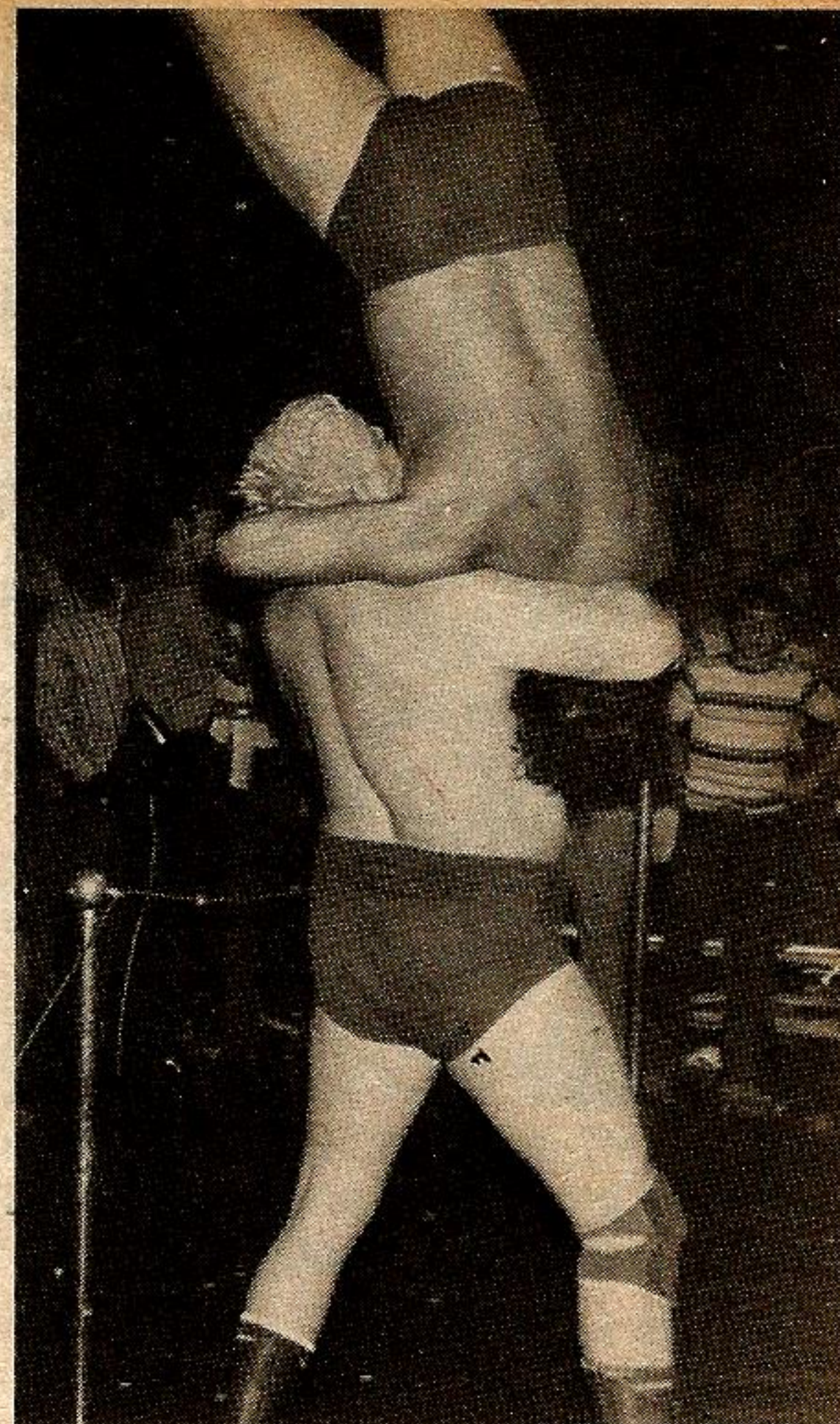
Jack Brisco is determined to get the title away from Dick Murdoch as he brings him down the hard way (above). Murdoch shrieks with pain (below) as the referee asks him if he wants to quit. He continued to wrestle.



one time much earlier in his career, he had been partners in a tag team combination with Dusty. "I love Dusty like a brother," said Dick. "I really do. But if it ever came down to it, I would be just as vicious with him, if not more. That is how much I want to win that NWA belt."

Can a man who talks of love and understanding really be on the level if he would kill to get what he wanted? What would this man do to win that belt? It appears that Dick Murdoch would do almost anything.

"Why do you keep saying that?" screamed Dick. "Why do you keep saying that I would



Much of this vicious match was held outside of the squared circle. There was just no controlling the two men.

do *almost* anything? I have just told you that if I had to, I would kill for the title! Print it! Damn it! It's the truth!"

Wrestling, as everyone knows, can be a very vicious sport. But will it become a sport of violent death and legalized murder? Is it worth risking your life every time you have to get into the ring? Let us all hope that the promoters will have a long talk with Dick Murdoch before something tragic comes out of this. Let's all hope that Murdoch will come to his senses before his next encounter.

Tension is building up more and more everyday as we wait to see Dick Murdoch in his next battle. Perhaps this one will be too much for the fans to deal with. Perhaps no one will even show up in the arena on that night. Can anyone blame the fans?

All we can do now is wait. And who knows, maybe the promoters won't be able to find a next opponent for Dick Murdoch. □

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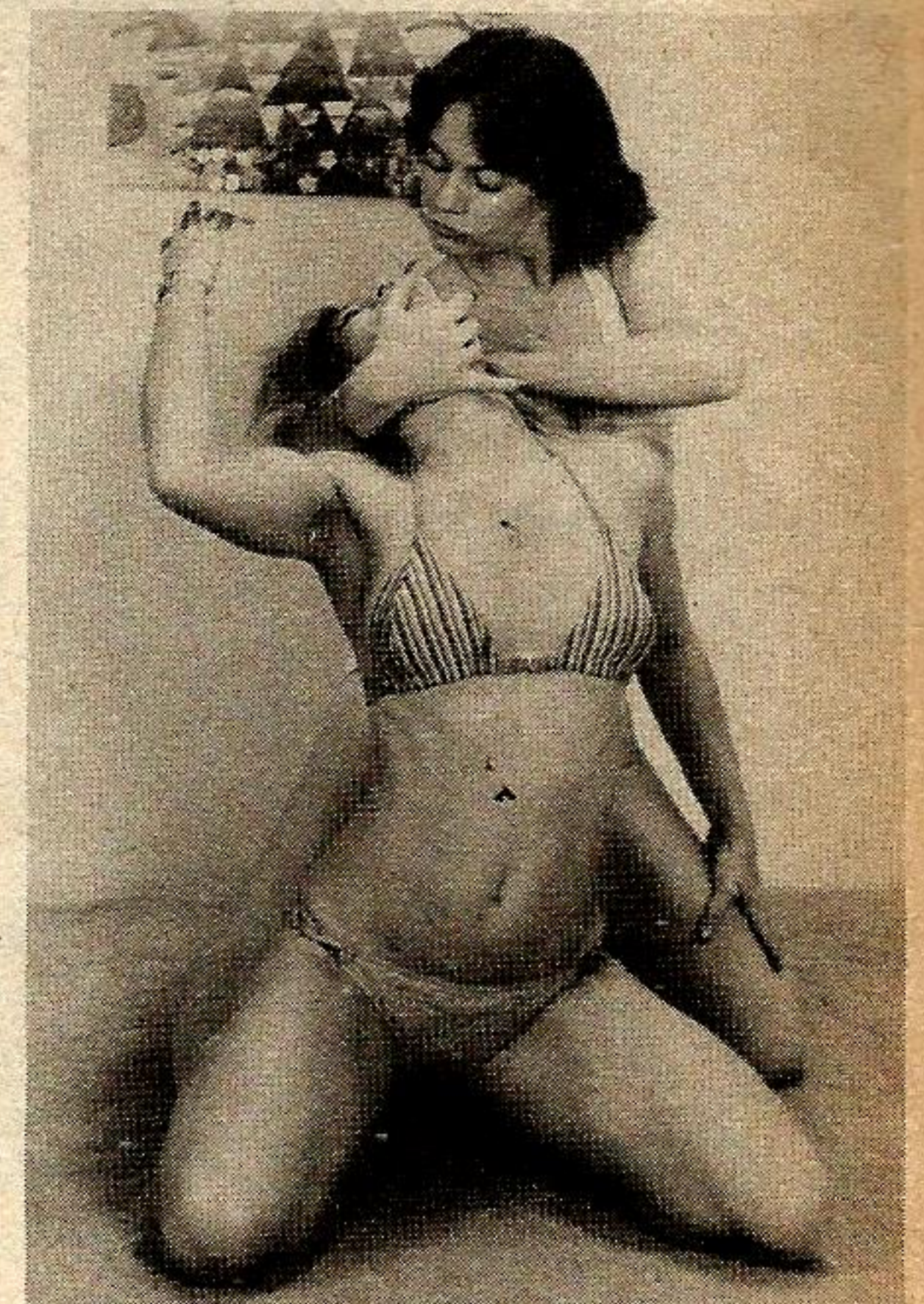
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Apartment Wrestling

(Continued from Page 45)

An instant later, Pamela felt her head being crushed in Belinda's vise-like grip. The blonde's face was a mask of rage as she mercilessly tightened her hold. Pamela's face grew red and grunts escaped her lips. The powerful body struggled desperately but without intelligence. Instinct for survival guided every clumsy move.

It was too early in the match, however, for a conquest of strength. Pamela had the reserves to force an escape. Once free, she rolled to the other side of the room. Her look of easy conquest was gone. Now, her expression spoke of cold fury. The spectators leaned forward in their chair. Belinda's benefactor never seemed happier.



Above: Now it's Pamela's turn to try and break her opponent's neck. Below: Pam's knee hits Belinda flush in the mouth, a very painful experience.





Belinda wraps her arm around the lush brunette's neck while her nails work their torture over her back.

Belinda took the advantage. In a blur of action, she twisted Pamela's arm, turned the brunette around, and then kicked hard to the back of Pamela's knee. The victim crumpled to the carpet. Belinda was on her in a flash. The blonde's fist pummeled the fallen battler. Belinda wasn't interested in winning. She wanted to inflict pain.

It was easy for Pamela to escape. Capture hadn't been Belinda's intent. That was one mistake Belinda made.

Pamela's rage knew no bounds. She rushed Belinda, grabbed the brunette around the waist, and lifted her high in the air. Belinda tried to struggle free, but Pamela's motion was too swift. In an incredible display of power, the brunette threw her victim against the wall. The crack of Belinda's head smaching into wood resounded throughout the room.

Groggy, clumsy, Belinda tried to struggle to safety. It was no use. Pamela smashed a fist into the blonde's mid-section. Belinda gasped for air as she crawled away. Pamela didn't let her go far.

Belinda felt Pamela's powerful grasp choking her mercilessly. The brunette knew just where to

(Continued on page 62)

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76/ANN #14



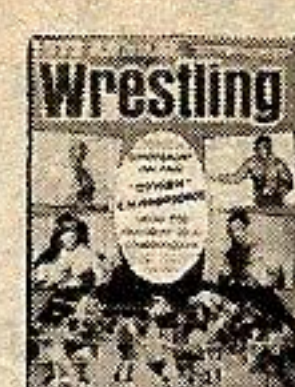
77/ANN #17



77/ANN FALL



78/ANN SUM



72/ANN #3



74/ANN #9



75/ANN #12



76/ANN #15



77/ANN #18



77/ANN WIN



78/ANN FALL

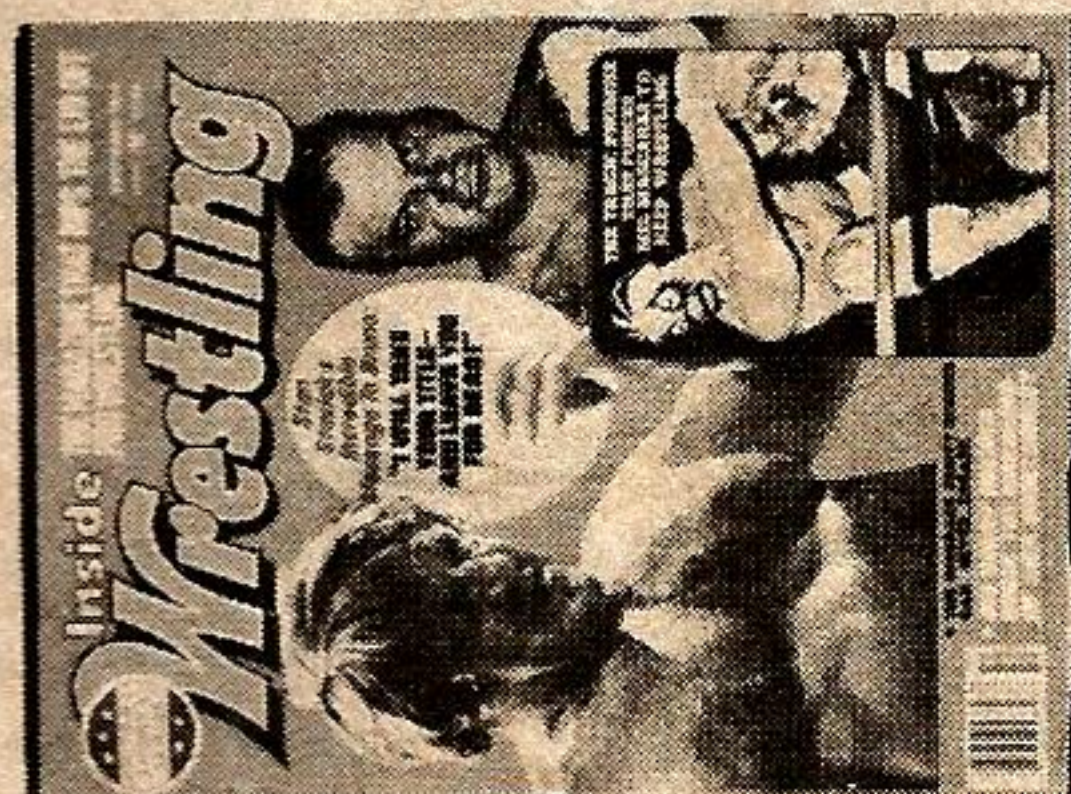
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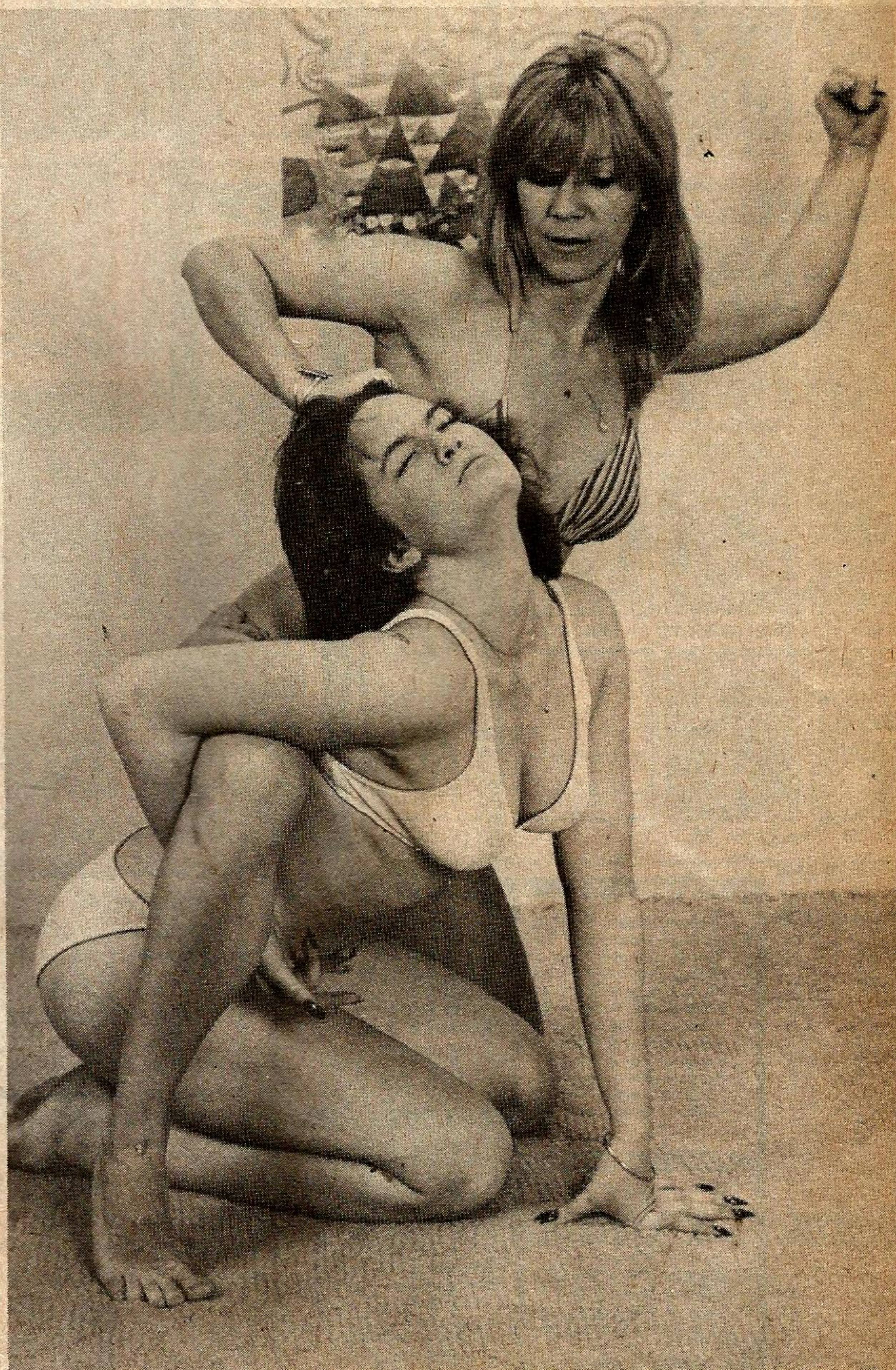
YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID!

Apartment Wrestling

(Continued from Page 59)

hit as her fingers clawed at Belinda's neck. The blonde jerked across the carpet like a windblown puppet, tears streaming down her face and horrible gasps coming from her throat.

It looked like the end. Pamela remembered the previous match. Every nerve tingled with the promise of torture. For that reason, she released Belinda to continue her mauling. Some in the crowd cheered. The wealthy



An almost unconscious Pamela will be in even more pain as Belinda prepares to strike the brunette a hard blow across the face. Few have ever seen two women as ruthless and cruel as these two beauties.

benefactor sat with eyes gleaming.

For the next few minutes, only the sadistic enjoyed themselves. Every movement brought new agonies to Belinda. Pamela's assault mercilessly tormented the blonde's face, neck, breasts, belly, thighs and calves. Hideous welts and contusions dappled Belinda's beautiful frame. Despite her horror, Belinda refused to surrender. She was driven by more than fear of losing her livelihood. Something inside forced her to go on. It was that something which allowed her to survive.

Belinda's legs flashed out and snared Pamela around the calves. Pamela went down face first. Belinda awkwardly leaped on top of her foe, driving her knee into the small of Pamela's back. The brunette jerked almost back upon herself, giving the spectators a perfect look at her agonized expression. It fed Belinda's bloodlust, restoring the blonde's strength.

Belinda grabbed Pamela's long legs and began to drag the brunette across the carpet. The breasts and belly rubbed against the rug, burning flesh with every inch of the forced journey. Pamela rilled and twisted, trying desperately to end her torture. But Belinda, in spite of her weakened condition, held firm.

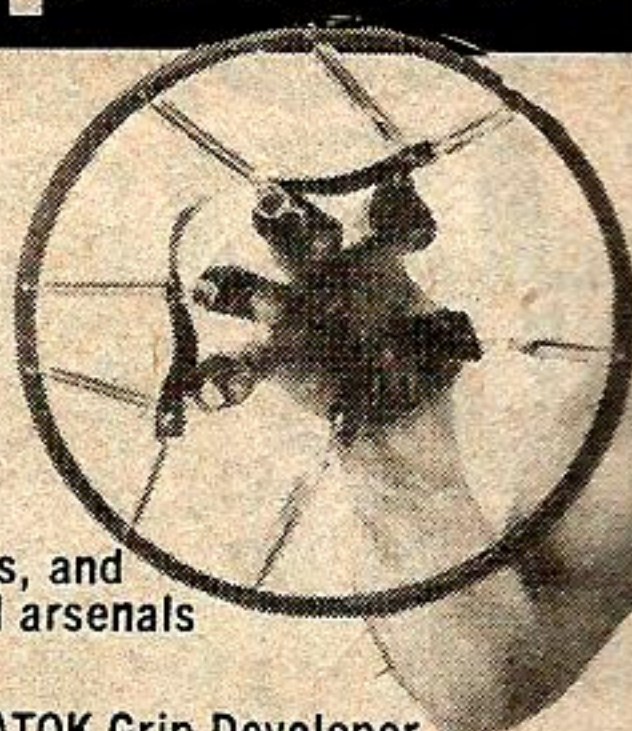
At times, it seemed like the task was also torturing Belinda. Sweat poured down her lush body as the exertion reached superhuman heights. Battered but not broken, she used all her strength to drag her foe across the room. Eyes closed, grunting from pain, she continued this odyssey. Finally, she stumbled and fell.

Now both women were free. Yet, the wages of battle lay heavy on both of them. Their movements were constricted by injury. Two lesser warriors would

(Continued on page 64)

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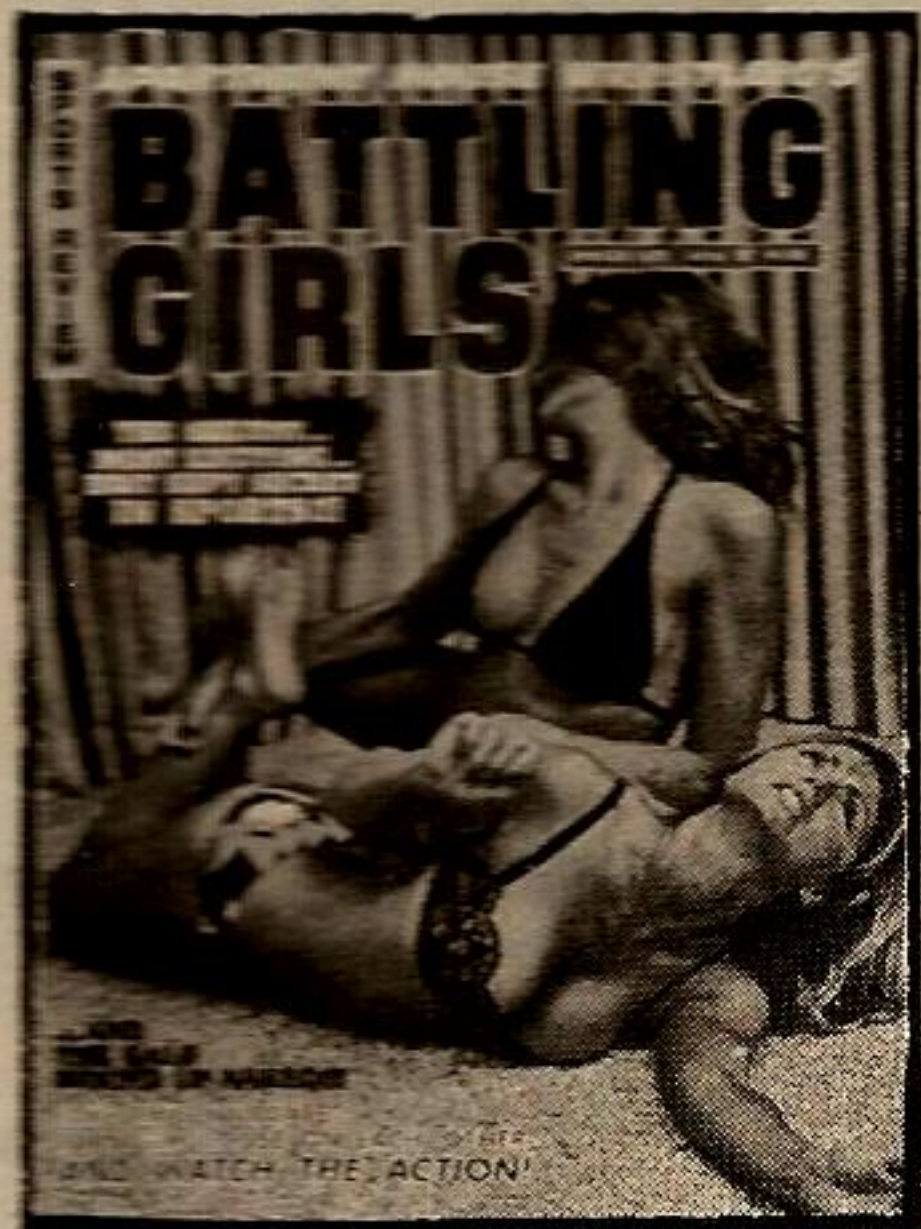
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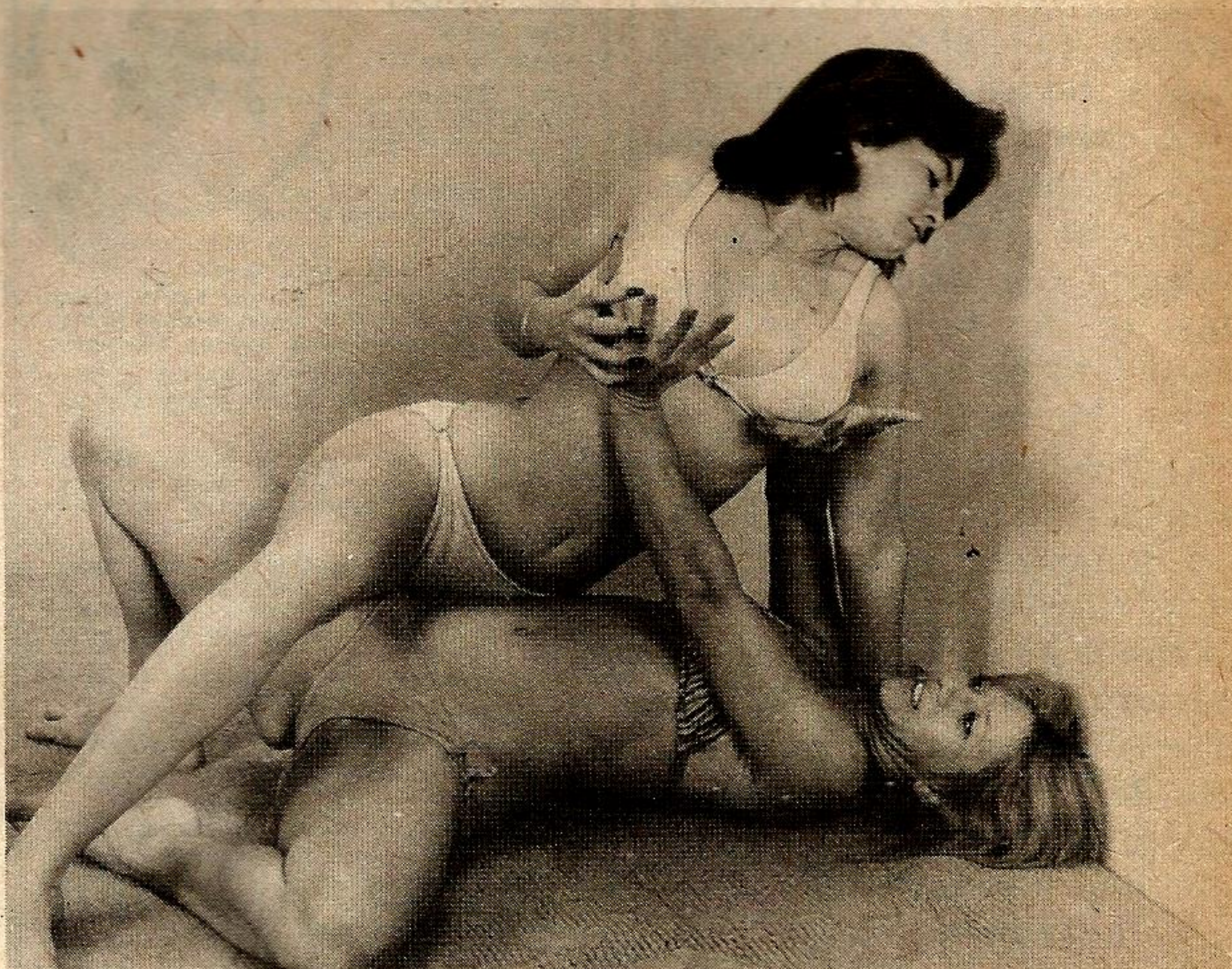
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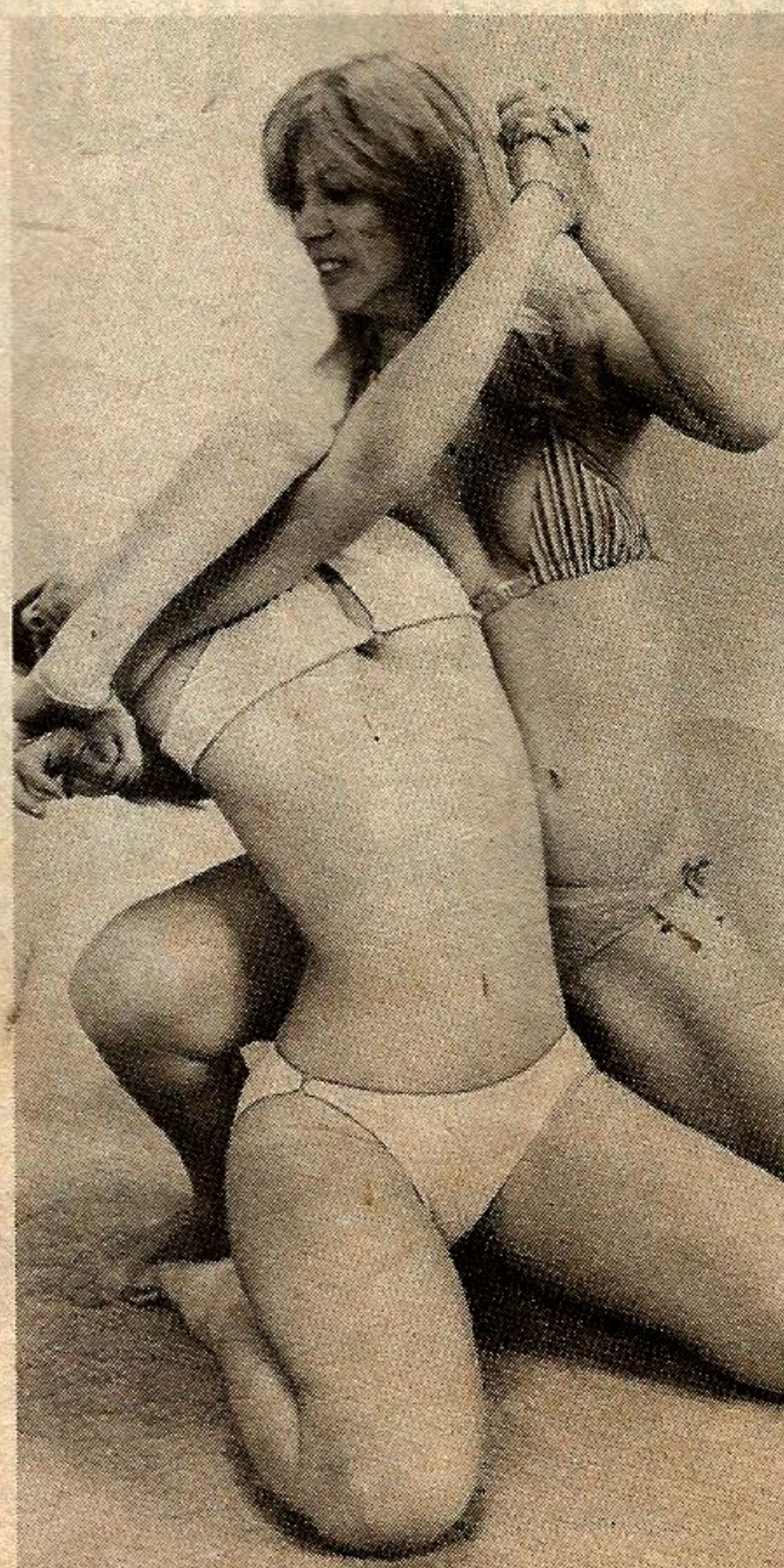
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Apartment Wrestling

(Continued from Page 63)



A cornered Belinda pushes the flat of her palm hard onto Pam's breast (above). The two women war to the end (below).

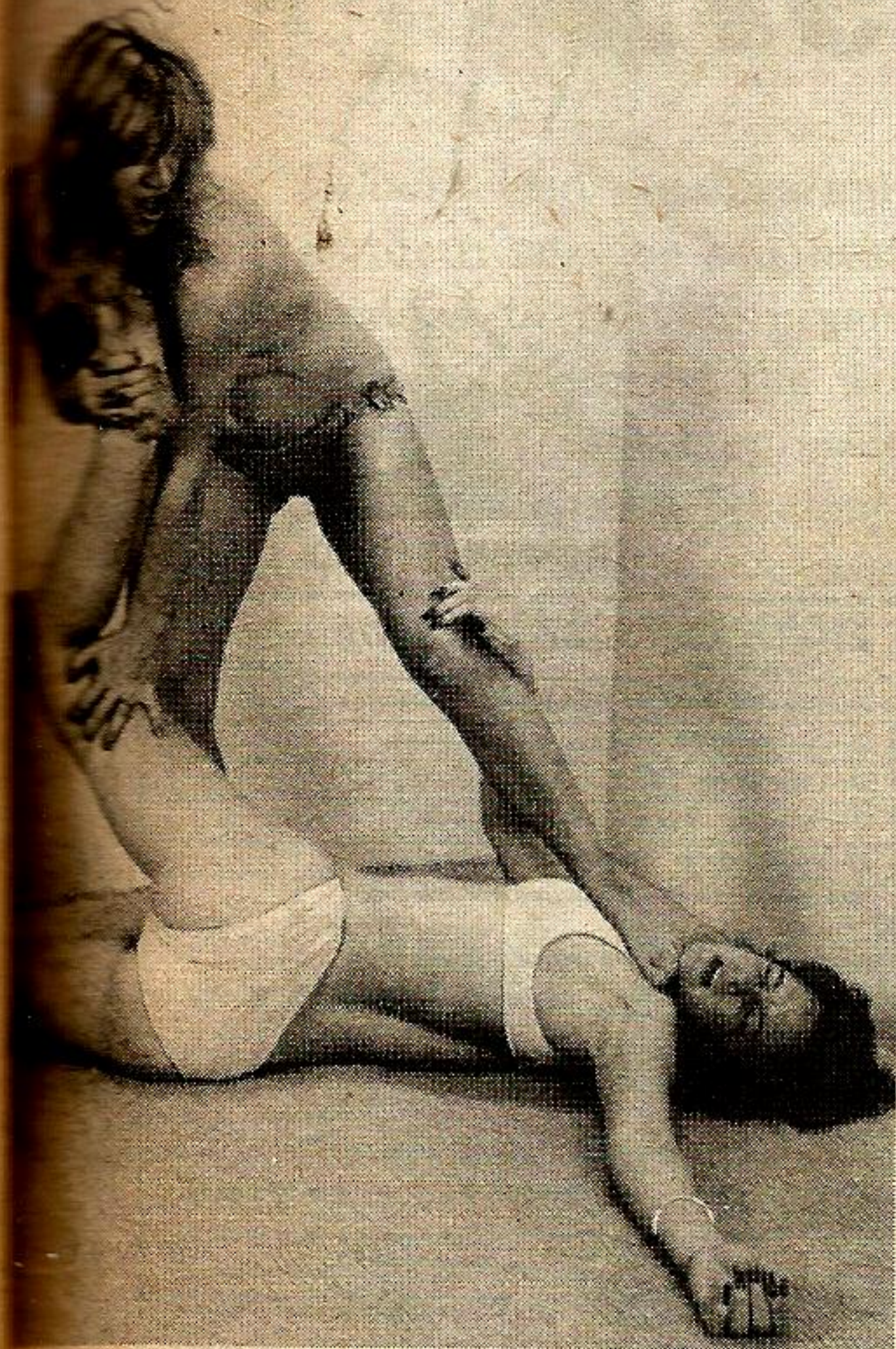


have surrendered. But this was the match each woman knew would one day come. It had to be seen to its finish, whatever the consequences.

Pamela moved first, rushing at Belinda. The smack of flesh resounded throughout the apartment as the beauties, locked in abominable embrace, clawing and tearing in senseless fury. People watched in fascination as two magnificent battlers, driven by instinct and deprived of reason, waged war on the most primitive level of all—the instinct of hatred.

The action grew slow and clumsy. Cries and moans mingled until they became one melody of pain. There was no winner or loser, only pain and madness. And the battle continued.

Finally, something snapped in Pamela's will. Every limb went limp and she fell unconscious. Belinda, too driven to realize what happened, beat upon her senseless foe as a child plays with a rag doll. Someone had to pull



The end is near for Pamela as her blonde foe pulls on her lithe leg. Both women proved their worth—and beauty.

her off. She kept struggling for about 20 seconds, her body unable to cease its motion. Then, as if anesthetized, she collapsed.

The two women were carried into the bedrooms. Neither knew what the outcome of the match had been. Their last conscious memory was of a valiant struggle.

Belinda woke up the next morning in her own bed. Every muscle in her body was stiff and aching. The maid was sent away without serving breakfast. Food was the last thing on Belinda's mind. She knew she had won the match because she was still living in the penthouse.

Was it worth it? Could any luxury be worth this agony? Belinda slid her body across the silk sheets and knew it was worth every scrape and cut. ☐

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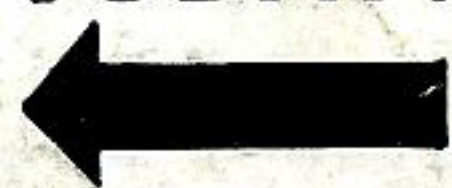
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